# McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

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## FIRE DESTROYS CUTLERY PLANT FRIDAY NIGHT.

### Entire Factory and Stock Consumed in a Short Time.

### LOSS $25,000; INSURANCE $12,000.

**A Serious Industrial Loss to Smethport—The Water Supply was Inefficient—Fire Engine Does Good Work—Small Barn Destroyed and Another Damaged.**

Smethport suffered a serious industrial loss last Friday evening when fire destroyed the large cutlery factory belonging to Case Brothers, located at the corner of Bank and Nelson streets.

The fire was discovered shortly before eight o'clock by Night Watchman Brooke, in the northeast corner of the main building, near the engine room. It had only a small start at that time and Mr. Brooke attempted to extinguish it with a pail of water, but when he threw on the water the flames only increased in volume. And it has since been claimed that the pail he used contained oil instead of water.

A telephone call was then sent in to the fire department and the hose carts and hook and ladder truck responded quickly, but when the hydrants were opened it was found that there was no water pressure.

No team was handy to haul the fire engine so a number of firemen started out with it by hand but the progress was slow and before it was on the ground and in operation this large building was completely enveloped in flames and all possibility of saving any part of it was gone.

However much other property was in danger and Raymer's andGrigsby's barns were already in flames by the time a stream was turned on from the engine. The Raymer barn was so nearly gone that it was past saving and although a portion of the frame was left standing it was a total loss. John Grigsby's barn was saved after the roof was practically destroyed. Mr. Grigsby's house was also in great danger and it was only saved by the determined efforts of a bucket brigade until the steamer got to doing business. The steamer worked splendidly and the fire was soon under control after it got to working.

The loss to Case Brothers is said to be $25,000, with an insurance of $12,000, and the loss on the Raymer barn and contents about $600 with no insurance. Mr. Grigsby's loss is upwards of $100, and no insurance. The loss to the latter gentleman is particularly severe because he has been sick for several months past and let his insurance drop a short time ago, on account of his straightened circumstances.

The cause of the fire in the cutlery plant is unknown. Mr. Brooke had made his rounds only a short time before and all was in perfect order. The only explanation that has been given is that the fire started from spontaneous combustion.

The cutlery plant will not be rebuilt, but negotiations are under way for the cut glass factory and if satisfactory arrangements can be made Case Brothers will fit this place up and continue to do business here. If not they will move to some other town. This has been a good industry for Smethport and we hope it will remain with us.

**Whose Fault Was It?**

The big loss that the interested parties and Smethport in general suffers through this fire is due to the carelessness of someone, but who is going to take the blame is a question. There was plenty of water pressure in the main lines of town but at the hydrants nearest the fire there was none. The trouble was evidently due to a gate being partially closed because the water that came through the line was not muddy.

Now as we understand the agreement between the Water Company and the Council the street commissioner, assisted as long as was necessary, by a man selected by the Water Company, was to flush the hydrants at intervals and see that all were in good working order.

If the council has attended to its part of the work faithfully and made these tests as often as it should have, then the gate must have been carelessly closed by an agent of the Water Company and is to blame. But if the council has been careless about its part in the agreement then the blame should be shifted, or the greater portion of it at least, from the shoulders of the Water Company. Of course, if this trouble comes from a partially closed gate, some one connected with the Water Company was careless, but if the borough has not performed its duty in testing the hydrants as often as they should be then the negligence of our citizens through their servants is greater than that of the Water Company.

The taxpayers of this borough should demand a thorough investigation of this matter so that such a disastrous mistake will not occur again.

### DEATH OF ESTIMABLE WOMAN.

**Mrs. C. W. Dickenson Passes Away Saturday.**

Died, at her home on Bank street, this borough, Saturday, June 11, 1910, Mrs. Charles W. Dickenson, aged 68 years, after a long illness.

Mrs. Dickenson had been in failing health for the past year and last December underwent a delicate surgical operation in Buffalo. She apparently rallied from the operation nicely but her condition again took a turn for the worse and for two weeks preceding her death her recovery was despaired of.

Estella Dennison was born at Norwich, township, March 22,1852. She was the daughter of William and Ottoline Dennison; pioneers of this section. On November 18, 1873, she was united in marriage to Charles W. Dickenson.

The fruits of this union were six children, five of whom with the father survive. They are Mrs. George Hyde, C. B. Dickenson, Louis Dickenson, Mrs. Carrie Marks and Murl Dickenson, all of this borough.

Mrs. Dickenson had been a resident of this vicinity all her life with the exception of a number of years ago when with her husband and family she moved west, where they resided for a short time.

About 12 years ago the family moved to Smethport and have since resided here.

Being of sturdy ancestry, Mrs. Dickenson was a woman who possessed traits of character and a personality of the highest type. During her residence in Smethport she has endeared herself to a great number of friends and admirers, and the same can be said wherever she is known. The loss of this estimable woman will not only be keenly felt by the respected family in which it may be said her life was centered, but will be sincerely mourned throughout this section.

The funeral was held from the house friends in extending condolence to the sorrowing family.

Te funeral was held from the house Tuesday afternoon, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, pastor, and Rev. J. H. McCandless, pastor emiritus of St. Luke's church officiating. The services were largely attended, many out-of-town relatives and friends being present. Interment was made in Rose Hill cemetery.

### OFFER $500 REWARD.

**County Commissioners Take Action in Case of the Ludlow Boy.**

The county commissioners of McKean county have at last taken action in the case of Michael Steffan, the 7-year-old Ludlow boy who disappeared from his home, Saturday, April 16, on the same day that Edwin Adams, a small boy of Lamont Station was found missing. Both boys disappeared in the woods and have been missing ever since. Lamont and Ludlow are not a great ways apart. The commissioners of Elk county offered a reward of $500 for information leading to the recovery of the Adams boy soon after his disappearance.

The commissioners of McKean county did not at first feel authorized to offer a like reward for the Steffan boy and County Superintendent of Schools B. S. Bayle recently attempted to raise $1,000 reward by popular subscription throughout the county. Mr. Bayle's efforts did not meet with the merited support and the attempt to raise the money was abandoned.

Last week the county commissioners decided that something must be done and decided to offer a reward of $500 for information which will lead to the recovery of the Steffan lad. Whether the reward will assist in cleaning up the mystery surrounding the disappearance or not is hard to determine, but it is a step in the right direction at any rate.

That Embroidery at Holder's beats them all. 4 to 60c yd. It's not all wool, but some of its a yard wide and warranted.

## YOUNG MAN DIES SUDDENLY IN FT. WORTH, TEXAS.

### Joseph McCabe, of this Borough, Passed Away Last Friday Night.

### APPOPLEXY THE CAUSE OF DEATH.

**Was Suddenly Stricken Having Been in Good Health up to Wednesday of Last Week—Had Left Smethport in March—Was Former Assistant Chief of Smethport Fire Department and was one of Smethport's Most Popular Young Men—Funeral Held in This Borough Yesterday.**

The community was shocked last Saturday evening when word was received of the death of Joseph McCabe which occurred in Fort Worth, Texas, Friday night.

Mr. McCabe had left this borough last March in apparently the best of health, and went direct to Fort Worth, where he had been offered a responsible position with a gas company. After being located in Fort Worth a short while Mr. McCabe was offered a better position with the company, his employment taking him to Electra, Texas, from which place he corresponded with many friends in this place up to a few days before his demise and the first intelligence received that he was not in his usual health was when the news of his death reached here.

From further information it was learned that the young man had enjoyed his usual fine health up to Wednesday of last week. While at his work on that day he was taken quite ill and after quitting work in the evening his condition grew worse. After passing a bad night his condition was such Thursday morning that he decided to go to Fort Worth, where a brother, James McCabe, resides, for medical treatment. From Electra to Fort Worth is about 100 miles and he made the journey alone. On arriving at his destination he went to the St. Joseph's Hospital where his condition was not thought to be in the least serious. It was not until early Friday evening, when the young man sustained a stroke of apoplexy, which completely paralyzed one side that his condition became serious. Although he received every attention his death occurred within a few hours.

The remains were at once prepared for shipment home and arrived in this borough Tuesday morning, via the Kushequa Route, as did the deceased's brother, James McCabe and wife, who accompanied the body on its long journey. The remains were met at the train by delegations representing the Smethport Fire Department and the local lodge of Red Men, organizations of which the deceased was a member, besides many friends.

They were taken to the home of his mother, Mrs. Andrew McCabe, on Marvin street.

Joseph McCabe was born in Trineville, Crawford county, in 1884, being 26 years of age. When a child his parents moved to Smethport and this place has since been his home. Besides his mother, Mrs. Andrew McCabe, he is survived by the following brothers and sisters: Peter McCabe of Oil City; Andrew and James McCabe of Fort Worth, Texas; John and Morris McCabe of Smethport; Miss Mary McCabe of Bradford and Mrs. Richard Hurley of Smethport.

Joseph McCabe was one of the best and most widely known young men of Smethport, and everybody, young and old, who knew him was his friend. He was what might well be termed a perfect young man. Mentally, morally and physically clean he was one who was fitted to take his place at the front rank among his fellow men. Of fine physique, he was possessed of a sunny and friend-making disposition, and it is hard to realize that he has passed away in the prime of an ideal young manhood. He was generous to a fault and it has well been said of him that he would share his last cent with a friend. Joseph McCabe was a young man who had travelled extensively and was a diligent reader, being exceedingly well versed on matters of the day in general and it was a pleasure and revelation to converse with him. His death was indeed a sad one and is mourned by the entire community.

The funeral was held yesterday morning at 9 o'clock at St. Elizabeth's church, Rev. J. F. Dugan officiating. The funeral was one of the largest ever held in this edifice. The impressive Requiem High Mass of the church was said and the pastor paid eloquent tribute to the deceased. The Red Men and the Fire Department, of which Mr. McCabe was assistant chief up to the time he left this place, attended the services in a body. The interment was made in St. Elizabeth's cemetery and the remains were accompanied to their final resting place by many sorrowing friends and relatives in carriages and the two organizations above mentioned. The floral offerings were profuse and beautiful. Many out-of-town relatives and friends were present at the last rites.

### GRANGE DEDICATION.

**The Farm Home of A. B. Armstrong Dedicated on Tuesday.**

About six hundred people witnessed the dedication of Southrenview Guernsey Dairy Farm owned by A. B. Armstrong and managed by James Bray, Tuesday afternoon. The Patrons of Husbandry are performing this ceremony in various localities, the object being to create a greater love for the home, and to inspire its members toward improving their homes. Southernview Dairy farm is one of the finest and best equipped in the county. It consists of about two hundred acres of fertile land. The farm buildings are of the most convenient modern design, the large house being surrounded by a large well-kept lawn.

At 1:30 p. m. the dedication took place, a very impressive ceremony. The platform on which the participants sat was on the lawn directly in front of the house. Various Grange officials took part, and the name, Southern View Dairy Farm, was finally revealed by a banner which was unrolled by little Maude Stone, aged 18 months and Theodore Bray, aged 15 months. After the ceremony a literary program took place, and Chadwick's orchestra rendered several selections.

Hon. Oliver Wilson, national Grange lecturer, made a fine address on farm life, its benefits and advantages. S. J. Lowell, New York state lecturer, spoke briefly on the young people in the home and the Grange.

Following a well delivered recitation by Miss Alberta Cory, E. B. Dorsett, Pennsylvania state lecturer, addressed the assembly on Domestic Happiness on the farm.

After the literary program a dance was held in the huge empty hay mow of one of the barns. A lecturer's conference was held by the Grange at Coryville in the eveping.

### BARRISTERS WILL PLAY BALL.

**A Team Composed of Smethport Lawyers Will meet a Team Composed of Bradford and Kane Lawyers in a Series of Games.**

Bring forth the arnica and grease up the ambulance for there's going to be bloodshed. It's been so decreed by the McKean County Bar Association in special session. The decision was reached at a meeting held in the library of the Court house in this borough when it was decided that a series of base ball games should be played between a team composed of Smethport lawyers and one representing the legal lights of Bradford and Kane. J. B. Mullin, Esq., of Kane presided at the meeting. Hon. J. W. Bouton, President Judge of McKean county and Sheridan Gorton were elected official umpires. The lineup of the teams will be as follows:

Smethport—V. Bouton, cf.; L. Morrison, c.; C. Choat, rf.; K. Mayo, lf.; Shattuck,ss.; T. Morrison,1b.; Ruffalo 3b.; Devlin and Backus, 2b.; H. E. Tull will do the twirling for the local barristers.

Bradford-Kane—Ryan, 3b.; Wicks, ss.; Sharpe, 1b.; T. Melvin c.; Goldstein, 2b.; J. E. Mullin, cf.; Wilson, rf.; J. P. Melvin, lf.; Jones, p.

It can be safely set down that there will be something doing when these two teams come together. Some fast ball players are included in the lineup of the two teams and every conflict of the series will be a deadly one. Great satisfaction is expressed at the selections for umpires. Both the Judge and Mr. Gorton are well qualified for the position and their decision will be rendered with judicious care.


**Buffalo Bill's Wild West**
**—and—**
**Pawnee Bill's Far East Circus**
**At Olean, June 23rd, 1910.**

Account of the above attraction at Olean, June 23rd, the P., S. & N. R. R. will run excursion on regular train leaving Smethport 8:25 p. m. at round trip fare $1.00. Special return train leaves Olean 6:00 p. m.


## 16-YEAR-OLD GIRL SHOOTS YOUNG ITALIAN.

### Miss Ora Cook Kills Guiseppi Precciaralli at Coleville Sunday Morning.

### DEATH WAS CAUSED INSTANTLY.

**The Young Girl "Didn't Know it was Loaded" and Kills Friend with a 22-calibre Rifle—Coroner's Inquest here Monday Morning—Victim Buried Tuesday Morning.**

A very deplorable accident occurred at Coleville, this county, at about 10 o'clock Sunday morning when Miss Ora Cook, a 16 year old girl of that place, shot and instanly killed Guiseppi Prieciaralli, an Italian friend of the family. The weapon used was a 22-calibre rifle which belonged to Clyde Smith, a member of the family.

The shooting was the result of a careless accident. Joe (which is the English for Guiseppi) and his half brother came from their camp which is about a mile distant from the house where the tragedy occurred Saturday evening to pay a milk and egg bill to Mrs. Nicholas Smith, who is a half sister of Ora Cook. Miss Cook, Mrs. Smith and the two Italians, after visiting a short time decided to drive to Smethport for the evening. The four came to this place, and after patronizing several candy and ice cream shops started for home about midnight. When the party reached the Smith home it was so late that Joe and his brother were invited to stay all night, which they did.

In the morning Miss Cook and Joe were playfully throwing water at each other and while they were indulging in this amusement, Miss Cook saw a small rifle leaning against the wall. She picked it up and pointed it at Joe. He folded his arms across his breast and told her to fire.

Almost at the same instant there was a sharp report and Joe staggered limply backward. His half brother caught him in his arms and before he could get him to the sofa the spark of life had passed from Joe's body.

This sudden termination of their sport threw the household in terrible confusion, but as soon as they realized what had happened Clyde Smith was sent to the nearest telephone to summon a doctor and notify the authorities of what had happened.

District Attorney Guy B. Mayo and County Detective E. W. Jones drove immediately to the Smith home and investigated the situation. Undertaker Sasse was instructed to take charge of the remains and bring them to Smethport. Detective Jones took Miss Cook into custody and kept her at his home until Monday morning when the inquest was held.

Sunday evening Dr. Ostrander held an autopsy and found that the bullet from a 22-calibre cartridge. It had entered his body about five inches below and to the right of the navel, passing close to the appendix and severing the etheral artery and lodged in the lower vertibre. The severing of this artery caused him to bleed to death almost immediately.

Monday morning Coronor E. R. Sherman came over from Bradford and held an inquest at the office of Attorney Sheridan Gorton and Justice A. W. Colegrove. A jury was empaneled and after viewing the remains of the evidence of several witnesses was heard. This evidence was quite long but it only brought forth the facts as above stated. After hearing the evidence the coroner's jury rendered a verdict to the effect that Joseph Prieciaralli came to his death from a bullet fired from from a small rifle in the hands of Ora Cook. And thus she is neither exonerated nor accused of the crime by the jury.

This will necessitate her being arrested and tried and the charge brought against her will probably be manslaughter. Thus far the girl has not been placed under arrest and after the hearing she went to her home where she will probably remain until charges are made by the proper authorities.

The victim of this deplorable accident was a man aged about 25 years. He was about 5 feet 10 inches high, weighed about 165 pounds, had brown hair and a light mustache. He has been in Smethport a good many times and did not appear much like a foreigner.

The funeral services were held at St. Elizabeth's church Monday morning, Rev. J. F. Dugan officiating, and his remains interred in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

### PUBLISHERS MEETING.

**Newspaper Men of This County Have Session Here.**

On Tuesday the McKean County Publishers' association held a meeting at the Wright House. The newspapers of the county were represented as follows: Hon. R. P. Habgood and O. H. Miller of the Bradford Star-Record; Gustine Cable of the Bradford Sunday Herald; H. J. Bryan of the Bradford Era; Tom M. McClellan, Mt. Jewett Herald; C. W. Hogan, Kane Leader; William Collings, Kane Republican; B. J. McFall, Eldrod Eagle; C. F. Boller, Port Allegany Argus; C. C. Laymon, Port Allegany Reporter; S. R. Lindsley, Smethport Democrat, and H. L. Backus of the Smethport Miner.

The invited guests present were Samuel E. Bell and Horace H. Redfield, Republican candidates for the Legislature, and Hon. R. W. Hilton and E. R. Benson, the Democratic candidates for the same office.

In the morning, through the courtesy of Legislative candidates Bell, Redfield and Hilton and Scott F. Redfield, the party enjoyed a ride to the head of Potato creek where the Goodyear's are cutting their large tract of 23,000 acres of hemlock timber. At present there are 800 woodsmen employed on this job, which together with the people in the camps, store and shops makes a population of upwards of 1200 people in that place, and a busier place would be hard to find. The store conducted by Mr. Hulls is one of the very largest in the county. It conducts a wholesale and retail business and carries a stock of upwards of $50,000 worth of goods. We are informed that this town has been given the name of Norwich providing the name is approved by the Postoffice Department.

Upon their return to Smethport the newspaper men and candidates enjoyed an excellent dinner served at the Wright House, to which all did ample justice, fully attesting the ability of Landlord Sherburne to furnish good things to a hungry crowd.

After dinner the party took another automobile trip to Farmers Valley where they attended the dedication of A. B. Armstrong's "Southern View Guernsey Dairy Farm" by the Grange.

Returning to Smethport a business meeting of the publishers was held in the parlors of the Wright House, after which they adjourned to meet in Bradford in September.

### SMETHPORT SECOND PLACE.

**Mt Jewett Forfeits to Smethport in Literary Contest.**

Smethport High School now occupies second place in the McKean County High School Literary League. This position was orginally held by Mt Jewett. The local High School, which has been occupying third place in the league, was scheduled to meet Mt Jewett, Friday, May 27, in a contest at that place, the dates having been set be the professor of the Mt. Jewett schools. About ten days before the date set word was received from Mt. Jewett asking for a postponement, stating that they were not prepared for the contest. Smethport had gotten in shape and was anxious to meet their opponents on the date set, but the extra work attendant with final examinations and commencement which followed soon after made it impossible for them to take any part in a contest held any later than May 27. As Mt. Jewett refused to forfeit the contest the decision was left for County Superintendent Bayle to make.

On last week Supt. Bayle announced his decision. It was that Mt. Jewett had forfeited second place to Smethport, which reverses their positions in the league.

### HILTON ON PROHI TICKET.

By a recount by the county commissioners of the votes cast in the third ward of Kane borough it was found that H. W. Hilton of this borough, present member of assembly from this county and candidate for re-election on the Democratic ticket, is also entitled to a place on the Prohibition ticket. By the first count Mr. Hilton was "beaten to it" by W. F. Burns of Eldred for the Prohi. nomination, but the correct count gives him a majority sufficient to place his name on the ticket. It happens that a mistake had been made in recording the official vote, a "penographical" error so to speak, and it is thought that the correction will mean a substantial boost to the Democratic candidate's cause.

# A CALL LOAN.

## Tale of Chaparral Banking and a Near Train Holdup.

By O. HENRY.

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In those days the cattlemen were the anointed. They were the grandees of the grass, kings of the kine, lords of the lea, barons of beef and bone. They might have ridden in golden chariots had their tastes so inclined. The cattleman was caught in a stampede of dollars. It seemed to him that he had more money than was decent. But when he had bought a watch with precious stones set in the case so large that they hurt his ribs and a California saddle with silver nails and Angora skin suaderos and ordered everybody up to the bar for whisky—what else was there for him to spend money for?

Not so circumscribed in expedient for the reduction of surplus wealth were those hairds of the larjat who had women folk to their name. In the breast of the rib sprung sex the genius of purse lightening may slumber

"YOU ARE CARRYING ONE VERY BAD SLIP OF PAPER."

through years of inopportunity, but never, my brothers, does it become extinct.

So out of the chaparral came Long Bill Longley from the Bar Circle branch on the Frio—a wife driven man—to taste the urban joys of success. Something like half a million dollars he had, with an income steadily increasing.

Long Bill was a graduate of the camp and trail. Luck and thrift, a cool head and a telescopic eye for mavericks had raised him from cowboy to be a cowman. Then came the boom in cattle, and Fortune, stepping gingerly among the cactus thorns, came and emptied her cornucopia at the doorstep of the ranch.

In the little frontier city of Chaparosa Longley built a costly residence. Here he became a captive, bound to the chariot of social existence. He was doomed to become a leading citizen. He struggled for a time like a mustang in his first corral, and then he hung up his quirt and spurs. Time hung heavily on his hands. He organized the First National bank of Chaparosa and was elected its president.

One day a dyspeptic man, wearing double magnifying glasses, inserted an official looking card between the bars of the cashier's window of the First National bank. Five minutes later the bank force was dancing at the heck and call of a national bank examiner.

This examiner, Mr. J. Edgar Todd, proved to be a thorough one.

At the end of it all the examiner put on his hat and called the president, Mr. William H. Longley, into the private office.

"Well, how do you find things?" asked Longley in his slow, deep tones. "Any brands in the roundup you didn't like the looks of?"

"The bank checks up all right, Mr. Longley," said Todd, "and I find your loans in very good shape, with one exception. You are carrying one very bad bit of paper, one that is so bad that I have been thinking that you surely do not realize the serious position it places you in. I refer to a call loan of $10,000 made to Thomas Merwin. Not only is the amount in excess of the maximum sum the bank can loan any individual legally, but it is absolutely without indorsement or security. Thus you have doubly violated the national banking laws and have laid yourself open to criminal prosecution by the government. A report of the matter to the comptroller of the currency—which I am bound to make—would, I am sorry, result in the matter being turned over to the department of justice for action. You see what a serious thing it is."

Bill Longley was leaning his length slowly moving frame back in his swivel chair. His hands were clasped behind his head, and he turned a little to look the examiner in the face. The examiner was surprised to see a smile creep about the rugged mouth of the banker and a kindly twinkle in the light blue eyes. If he saw the seriousness of the affair it did not show in his countenance.

"Of course you don't know Tom Merwin," said Longley almost genially. "Yes, I know about that loan. It hasn't any security except Tom Merwin's word. Somehow I've always found that when a man's word is good it's the best security there is. Oh, yes, I know the government doesn't think so. I guess I'll see Tom about that note."

Mr. Todd's dyspepsia seemed to grow suddenly worse. He looked at the chaparral banker through his double magnifying glasses in amazement.

"You see," said Longley, easily explaining the thing away, "Tom heard of 2,000 head of two-year-olds down near Rocky ford, on the Rio Grande, that could be had for $8 a head. I reckon 'twas one of old Leandro Garcia's outfits that he had smuggled over, and he wanted to make a quick turn on 'em. Those cattle are worth $15 on the hoof in Kansas City. Tom knew it, and I knew it. He had $6,000, and I let him have the $10,000 to make the deal with. His brother Ed took 'em on to market three weeks ago. He ought to be back most any day now with the money. When he comes Tom'll pay that note."

The bank examiner was shocked. It was perhaps his duty to step out to the telegraph office and wire the situation to the comptroller. But he did not. He talked pointedly and effectively to Longley for three minutes. He succeeded in making the banker understand that he stood upon the border of a catastrophe, and then he offered a tiny loophole of escape.

"I am going to Hilldale's tonight," he told Longley, "to examine a bank there. I will pass through Chaparosa on my way back. At 12 o'clock tomorrow I shall call at this bank. If this loan has been cleared out of the way by that time it will not be mentioned in my report. If not I will have to do my duty."

With that the examiner bowed and departed.

The president of the First National lounged in his chair half an hour longer, and then he lit a mild cigar and went over to Tom Merwin's house. Merwin, a ranchman in brown duck, with a contemplative eye, sat with his feet upon a table, plaiting a rawhide quirt.

"Tom," said Longley, leaning against the table, "you heard anything from Ed yet?"

"Not yet," said Merwin, continuing his plaiting. "I guess Ed' ll be along back now in a few days."

"There was a bank examiner," said Longley, "nosing around our place today, and he bucked a sight about that note of yours. You know I know it's all right, but the thing is against the banking laws. I was pretty sure you'd have paid it off before the bank was examined again, but the son of a gun examined in on us. Tom, I'm short of cash myself just now, or I'd let you have the money to take it up with. I've got till 12 o'clock tomorrow, and then I've got to show the cash in place of that note or"—

"Or what, Bill?" asked Merwin, as Longley hesitated.

"Well, I suppose it means be jumped on with both of Uncle Sam's feet."

"I'll try to raise the money for you on time," said Merwin, interested in his plaiting.

"All right, Tom," concluded Longley as he turned toward the door. "I knew you would if you could."

Merwin threw down his whip and went to the only other bank in town, a private one run by Cooper & Craig.

"Cooper," he said to the partner by that name, "I've got to have $10,000 today or tomorrow. I've got a house and lot here that's worth about $6,000, and that's all the actual collateral

HE WAS LIFTED FROM HIS FEET AND THROWN FACE DOWNWARD.

But I've got a cattle deal on that's sure to bring me in more than that much profit within a few days."

Cooper began to cough.

"Now, for God's sake don't say no," said Merwin. "I owe that much money on a call loan. It's been called, and the man that called it is a man I've lain on the same blanket with in cow camps and ranger camps for ten years. He can call anything I've got. He can call the blood out of my veins and it'll come. He's got to have the money. He's in a devil of a—well, he needs the money, and I've got to get it for him. You know my word's good, Cooper."

"No doubt of it," assented Cooper urbanely, "but I've a partner, you know. I'm not free in making loans. And even if you had the best security in your hands, Merwin, we couldn't accommodate you in less than a week. We're just making a shipment of $15,000 to Myer Bros., in Rockdell, to buy cotton with. It goes down on the narrow gauge tonight. That leaves our cash quite short at present. Sorry we can't arrange it for you."

Merwin went back to his little bare office and plaited at his quirt again. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon he went to the First National and leaned over the railing of Longley's desk.

"I'll try to get that money for you tonight—I mean tomorrow, Bill."

"All right, Tom," said Longley quietly.

At 9 o'clock that night Tom Merwin stepped cautiously out of the small frame house in which he lived. It was near the edge of the little town, and few citizens were in the neighborhood at that hour. Merwin wore two six-shooters in a belt and a slouch hat.

"WHAT'S THE WORD, ED?" GASPED MERWIN.

He moved swiftly down a lonely street and then followed the sandy road that ran parallel to the narrow gauge track until he reached the water tank, two miles below the town. There Tom Merwin stopped, tied a black silk handkerchief about the lower part of his face and pulled his hat down low.

In ten minutes the night train for Rockdell pulled up at the tank, having come from Chaparosa.

With a gun in each hand Merwin raised himself from behind a clump of chaparral and started for the engine. But before he had taken three steps two long, strong arms clasped him from behind, and he was lifted from his feet and thrown, face downward, upon the grass. There was a heavy knee pressing against his back and an iron hand grasping each of his wrists. He was held thus, like a child, until the engine had taken water and until the train had moved with accelerating speed out of sight. Then he was released and rose to his feet to face Bill Longley.

"The case never needed to be fixed up this way, Tom," said Longley. "I saw Cooper this evening, and he told me what you and him talked about. Then I went down to your house tonight and saw you come out with your guns on, and I followed you. Let's go back, Tom."

They walked away together side by side.

"'Twas the only chance I saw," said Merwin presently. "You called your loan, and I tried to answer you. Now what'll you do, Bill, if they sock it to you?"

"What would you have done if they'd socked it to you?" was the answer Longley made.

"I never thought I'd lay in a bush to stick up a train," remarked Merwin, "but a call loan's different. A call's a call with me. We've got twelve hours yet, Bill, before this spy jumps on to you. We've got to raise them spondulics somehow. Maybe we can— Great Sam Houston! Do you hear that?"

Merwin broke into a run, and Longley kept with him, hearing only a rather pleasing whistle somewhere in the night rendering the lugubrious air of "The Cowboy's Lament."

"It's the only tune he knows!" shouted Merwin as he ran. "I'll bet"—

They were at the door of Merwin's house. He kicked it open and fell over an old valise lying in the middle of the floor. A sunburned, firm jawed youth, stained by travel, lay upon the bed puffing at a brown cigarette.

"What's the word, Ed?" gasped Merwin.

"So so," drawled that capable youngster. "Just got in on the 9:30. Sold the bunch for fifteen straight. Now, buddy, you want to quit kickin' a valise around that's got $20,000 in greenbacks in its in'ards."

### Ironclad Warships.

The idea of the ironclad warship is at least as old as the reign of Napoleon. It was suggested to Napoleon, patented in this country during the war of 1812 and suggested again later to the French government, but in each case failed to receive recognition. At the beginning of the Mexican war successful experiments were made with it under the auspices of the United States government, but again the matter was, strangely enough, allowed to drop. Shortly afterward, however, the French government finally took up the idea, and French ironclads in the Crimean war did good service against the Russian forts. But the battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac was the first real encounter between real ironclad ships.—New York American.

## JAPANESE HEROISM.

### The Brave Record of the Loss of a Submarine Vessel.

Subjoined is the translation of a message written by Lieutenant Tsutoma Sakuma, who was in command of the Japanese submarine No. 6, which foundered while maneuvering in Hiroshima bay. The message was found in the conning tower of the submarine after she had been brought to the surface:

"It is with the deepest regret that I write this message to describe the loss of this boat with my fellow officers and men, due to my own fault. I would here specially mention that all steps have been taken to raise her, my comrades and men working earnestly and calmly till the end. I ordered the ship to dive with the engine running, but as I found she went down too far I tried to shut the valves which admit the sea water to the ballast tank, but unexpectedly the chain working these valves broke, and I was left helpless, unable to control the boat. Meanwhile the tanks filled with water, and the boat went down at an incline of about twenty-five degrees. After striking the bottom the water began rushing in, the switchboard was immersed in water, all electric lights went out, the fuses burnt away, and the boat was filled with poisonous gases, so that we experienced the greatest difficulty in breathing.

"Under these conditions we worked our very utmost with the hand pumps to empty the main ballast tank, which, I believe, we succeeded in doing, although we could not read the gauges owing to darkness. No electric current was available, as I mentioned before, and our last hope of rising to the surface lay in working the hand pumps only.

"I write this in the dim light coming from the conning tower—11:45 a. m.

"I earnestly beseech his majesty to grant me forgiveness and to succor the families of my comrades and men who have lost their lives in this perishing boat. This is my only wish. 12:20 p. m.

"It is with the utmost difficulty that I can breathe, though I am sure we must have blown out the gasoline entirely from the tanks. I cannot continue any more. 12:40 p. m."—London Times.

## A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

### She Tried to Fascinate Hubby and Was Rudely Shocked.

She had been reading that a titled Englishwoman advises married women to flirt with their husbands. As she finished the article her husband came home to dinner.

She ran to meet him.

"A little late tonight, duckydoozelum," she said, with a dimpling smile.

"What's that?" he growled.

She looked at him archly.

"Don't you dare to kiss me!" she tittered.

"God!" he cried, "I don't intend to! What put that in your head?"

She half closed her eyes and coyly surveyed him through the drooping lashes.

"Don't you want to sit here by me on the sofa?" she cooed.

"No, I don't. Why, you told me only yesterday that the springs were getting weak. Aren't you feeling well?"

She laughed softly and shot him a side glance and drew in her cheeks and flashed her white teeth and perceptibly winked.

He drew back suddenly.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "Who are you imitating? Can't you make your face behave?"

She picked up the paper she had been reading and flung it into the decorated wastebasket.

"There's nothing the matter with me," she coldly replied.

"Just mugging for fun, eh? Glad of that. Stimson was telling me today about a lot of trouble his wife is having with her facial nerves, and I was afraid you'd caught it. Ain't that confounded dinner ready?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Popular Jokes.

The most popular joke which has been published in any language in the history of the world is stated to be that which appeared in an obscure corner of the Punch almanac for 1845. It read, "Advice to persons about to marry—Don't!" It would be interesting to know who was its author. Another, founded on a similar subject, was the "Advice to persons who have fallen in love—Fall out!" One of the most brilliant things that ever appeared in our contemporary was the brief dialogue between an inquiring child and his impatient parent: "What is mind?" "No matter." "What is matter?" "Never mind."—Westminster Gazette.

### The Parting.

"Benson was a good friend of mine, and I hated to lose him. He always wore a cheerful smile and seemed in the best of spirits. It will be hard to find another fellow so genial, so full of the joy of life."

"What's the matter? Has Benson left town for good?"

"No."

"Surely he isn't dead?"

"No. He borrowed $5 from me this morning."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

### Then He Made a Home Run.

He—What kind of stone would you like in the ring, darling? She—Oh, Jack, dear, I've heard so much about baseball diamonds. Do you suppose they are very expensive?—Boston Transcript.

To maintain oneself on this earth is not a hardship, but a pastime, if one will live simply and wisely.—Thoreau.

### Envelopes.

Envelopes are supposed to be quite modern, but in the Hirch manuscripts in the British museum, No. 4-128—105, there is a letter from Martin Triewald to Sir Hans Sloane, dated Stockholme April 24, 1755, inclosed in an ordinary envelope, which is opened out and mounted at the end of the letter.

### Cacao.

Cacao is grown in Cuba in connection with the coffee plant, as the latter requires shade, which is furnished by the former, at the same time yielding a profitable crop.

### Wood Fibers.

Wood fibers are strongest near the center of the limb or tree trunk.

### The Nose of the Deer.

Deer owe more to their noses than to their eyes or ears for preservation from danger. Sportsmen may and do deceive the last two organs, but the sense of smell cannot be cheated.

### Water For Dogs.

The City of Mexico has a law, almost a century old, requiring storekeepers and business men in general to keep pans of fresh water in the doorways of their business establishments for the relief of dogs. The law was secured through the efforts of the kind hearted women of the city, and in consequence the City of Mexico never has a mad dog "scare," and hydrophobia is unknown, and muzzles are unnecessary.

### Texas.

None of the monarchies of Europe, with the exception of Russia, can show a larger area than that of Texas. She possesses 57,000 square miles more of territory than the kaiser's realm.

### Highways In India.

One of the best highways in the world runs from Bombay to Delhi, India. It is 900 miles long. A still longer one runs from Peshawur to Calcutta on the Afghanistan frontier. These roads were built years ago to serve as military highways. The native princes take pride in keeping these roads in repair.

### The Sense of Sight.

A certain duration of a luminous impression is necessary to produce an effect on the retina; hence it is that we do not see a very rapidly moving object, such as a bullet fired from a gun.

### Lights and Fog.

A gaslight may be seen at a greater distance than an electric light of equal power in a fog for the reason that the former's red and yellow rays are not absorbed so rapidly as the latter's violet.

### A Grand View.

From an advertisement of a furnished house to let, printed in a Scotch newspaper: "View from the window as far as the eye can reach."

### New Zealand's Parliament.

The largest wooden structure in the world is the parliament building in Wellington, New Zealand, timber being preferred to stones because of the frequency of slight earthquakes.

### Salads In England.

Queen Henrietta Maria is credited with having introduced salads into England. When she went there as queen consort she pined for the refreshing greens of her native country. The king, to humor her, had a vegetable garden to her liking laid out at Hampton court by foreign gardeners.

### Gold Leaf.

A twenty dollar gold piece if beaten into gold leaf would make 2,500 leaves each 3¼ by 3¼ inches, having an area of 113 square yards.

### Oriental Coffee Grinders.

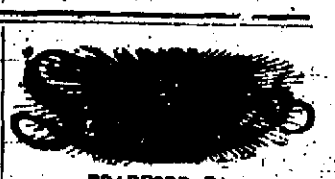
In oriental countries very small brass coffee grinders are used. They have the appearance of a cylinder about as thick as a man's wrist and fourteen inches long.

### Blue.

At a very early period blue was the universal wear of servants' neck. It was then the cheapest of dyes. Sir Walter Scott in his well known poem "Marmion" talks of "an old, blue coated serving man."

### Telephones In Spain.

Spanish telephone companies adjust their rates according to the occupation of the patron. Social clubs have to pay the highest rate.

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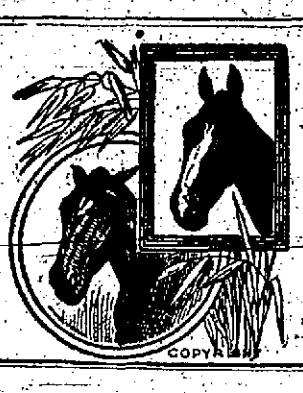

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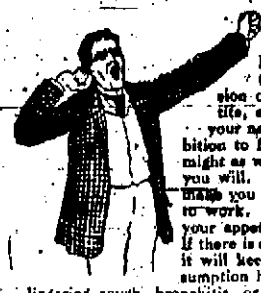

## Do You Feel This Way?

Do you feel all tired out? Do you sometimes think you just can't work away at your profession or trade any longer? Do you have a poor appetite, and lay awake at nights unable to sleep? Are your nerves all gone, and your stomach too? Has ambition to forge ahead in the world left you? If so, you might as well put a stop to your misery. You can do it if you will. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will make you a different individual. It will set your lazy liver to work. It will set things right in your stomach, and your appetite will come back. It will purify your blood. If there is any tendency in your family toward consumption, it will keep that dread destroyer away. Even after consumption has almost gained a foothold in the form of a lingering cough, bronchitis, or bleeding at the lungs, it will bring about a cure in 98 per cent. of all cases. It is a remedy prepared by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose *advice is given free* to all who wish to write him. His great success has come from his wide experience and varied practice.

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THE BARE FACT

that your ice cream has been made in a Lightning freezer insures smoothness and a delightful consistency to this popular refreshment. A child can turn the Lightning freezer with as good results as if it was turned by a man. You can have ices, ice cream and all kinds of frozen dainties at small cost when you get a Lightning freezer from

**W. B. MEANS.**



*McKean County Miner*

Smethport, Thursday, June 16, 1910.


### Local and General.

—The comet has disappeared.

—J. Colegrove is putting a new roof on his barn.

—The residence of B. D. Colegrove on Green street is being brightened by a coat of paint.

—Fry & Comes have a change of advertisement in to-day's Miner which you should not fail to read.

—The Ladies Aid of the M.E.Church will have a cooked food sale at J. Colegrove's store on Saturday, June 18th. Sale begins at 2:30.

—Thirty Bradford young men arrived in town yesterday morning. They were on their way to the headwaters of Potato creek for a camping expedition.

—The Sayer Oil and Gas Co. of which S. E. Bell of this borough is a principal stockholder, and which recently completed a fine well in the Illinois field, are putting down a new well on their holdings in that state.

—A large number from this borough took in Ringling Bros. circus at Olean last Friday. An excursion was ran over the Shawmut which received fine patronage. Besides many went on other trains. The performances of the show are reported to have been of a high quality of excellence.

—Smethport residents will have an opportunity to see Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Pawnee Bill's Far East double. The huge exhibition will show Olean June 23rd and in Bradford on the 24th.

—One of the worst stretches of sidewalk in town is located in front of the borough building on Fulton street. While the borough powers-that-be are taking an interest in the construction of sidewalks in other parts of town it might be well to devote some attention to this particular spot.

—The Smethport Window Glass factory shut down Saturday after a most successful season. It is expected that the shut down will last for about four months, it being made for the purpose of making needed repairs. This plant has been blowing glass by machines exclusively for the past two seasons and the season just closed has been a most successful one. The machines, which are the invention of Henry Duchamp, of this borough, have been fully perfected and are turning out beautiful glass. Mr. Duchamp is machinest at the plant. There are six machines at the plant at present time and over a hundred men are given employment.

—The writer is in receipt of an invitation to be present at the exercises of commencement week at Bucknell University, to be held June 19 to 23 at Lewisburg, Pa. MacArthur Gorton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan Gorton of this borough, is a member of this year's graduating class at this institution.

—Kathryn, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Hullings of Willow street, had the misfortune to step on a rusty nail Tuesday, running the object into her foot and causing quite a bad wound. Dr. Chadwick was summoned and dressed the injury from which no serious results are anticipated.

—There will be a meeting of the Republican county committee held at the St. James Hotel, Bradford, next Saturday. A county chairman will be elected at this meeting. Chas. E. Patton, candidate for Congress, and Messrs. Bell and Redfield, candidates for the Legislature, are expected to be present at the meeting.

—H. K. Shaffer, junior member of the law firm of Shaffer & Shaffer of Kane, is to leave that place during the present month for Mount Union, Pa., where he will in the future practice his profession. Mr. Shaffer has practiced law in the McKean county courts for a number of years and is well known in Smethport.

—Miss Irma Wells of this borough, who has been a student at Darlington Seminary, West Chester, Pa., for two years past, graduated from that institution last week in music and elecution. Miss Wells returned home Saturday accompanied by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wells, who went to West Chester and were present at her graduation.

—As a result of the annual tag day for the McKean County Children's home on Saturday, the sum of $700 was realized from the efforts of the ladies who sold tags on the streets and who visited homes for that purpose. This is the largest amount that has been secured on tag day and this is the fourth year that such a day has been observed. Custer City aided in swelling the fund. This year tags were not sold in Smethport but a number of the ladies will go to the county seat and sell tags in the near future. The members of the Children's Aid society desire through the Star-Record to thank all those who so kindly assisted them by donations.—Bradford Star-Record.

### Got Another Copy.

A well dressed man was standing outside a bookseller's shop in Charing Cross road, closely examining one of Balzac's works illustrated by Gustave Dore. "How much is this Balzac?" he asked an assistant outside.

"Twenty-five shillings," was the reply.

"Oh, that's far too much. I must see the manager about a reduction," continued the prospective customer, and, suiting the action to the word, he took up the book and went into the shop.

Approaching the bookseller, he took the book from under his arm and asked what he would give for it. "Seven shillings highest offer," he was told.

The offer was accepted, the man took his money and left.

"Well," queried the assistant later, after the man had gone, "were you able to hit it off with the gentleman, sir?"

"Oh, yes. I managed to get another copy of that edition of Balzac for 7 shillings."

Then the bookseller went out to lodge a complaint with the police.—London Telegraph.

### A Victim of Leprosy.

"On my travels in Venezuela," said a New York man, "I stayed in a hotel with a young man in whose family there was the taint of leprosy, though he apparently did not have it. One night sitting at dinner he became angry at a waiter and brought his hand down on the table with full force. He instantly realized that he did not feel the blow and sat looking at his hand, his face whitening with horror. 'Give me your knife, Bob,' he said to his chum. He grabbed the pocketknife in a frenzy and stabbed the side of his hand with vicious cuts from finger-tip to wrist. You may not know that leprosy appears in the side of the hand, numbness being a sign. The man did not feel the cuts. He arose from the table, knocking over his chair, rushed out into the courtyard of the hotel, and we heard the quick tang of a revolver shot, telling us how he had conquered the leper's curse by ending his life."—New York Times.

### He Could Wield an Ax.

The skill of the old Maine shipbuilders in the use of the adz and broadax was wonderful. One old time yarn is of a carpenter who applied very drunk at a shipyard for employment. In order to have a little fun with him the foreman set him to give a proof of his skill by hewing out a wooden bolt with no chopping block but a stone. The carpenter accomplished his difficult task without marring the keen edge of the broadax and showed the foreman a neatly made bolt. Then he brought the ax down with a terrific blow that shattered its edge upon the stone. "I can hew fust rate on your chopping block," he hiccoughed, "but I'll be blamed if I can make the ax stick in it when I git through." The story runs that the foreman lost no time in employing such a workman.

### Judges' Wigs.

The wig is only worn by English barristers to give them a stern, judicial appearance, and no one can say that it fails in this respect. The custom was originated by a French judge in the seventeenth century when, happening to don a marquis' wig one day, he found it gave him such a stern and dignified appearance that he decided to get one for himself and wear it at all times in court. This he did, and the result was so satisfactory from a legal point of view that not only judges, but barristers also, took up the custom throughout Europe.—London Graphic.

### Acquitted.

"Sir!" said the young woman, with what seemed to be indignation.

The young man looked embarrassed.

"Yes, I did kiss you," he admitted "but I was impulsively insane."

"That means that a man would be a lunatic to kiss me?"

"Well, any man of discretion would be just crazy to kiss you."

This seemed to end the strain, and no jury being present to muddle affairs, a satisfactory verdict was reached.

### Suspicious Routine.

Good Man—Ah, my poor fellow, I feel sorry for you! Why don't you work? When I was young, for ten years I was never in bed after 5—an hour's work before breakfast, then five hours' work, then dinner, then four hours' more work, then supper, then bed, then up again at 5 the next morning—

Loafer—I say, guv'nor, where did ye serve yer time, San Quentin or Folsom?—San Francisco Star.

### Not Mere Talk.

"I cannot live but a week longer without you."

"Foolish talk, duke. How can you fix on a specific length of time?"

"Ze landlord fix on it, miss, not I."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Easily Convinced.

Would Be Contributor (at editor's desk)—Here's a joke, Mr. Editor, that I'll guarantee was never in print before. Editor (after reading it)—Don't doubt your word in the least, sir.—London Tit-Bits.

### The Outlet.

Physiology Teacher—Clarence, you may explain how we hear things. Clarence—Pa tells 'em to ma as a secret, and ma gives 'em away at the bridge club.—Cleveland Leader.

### His Question.

—Edgar, aged six, was recently sent to school for the first time, and upon his return home he asked, "Papa, who taught Adam the alphabet?"

### Clyde Fitch's Joke.

"Clyde Fitch was an indefatigable worker," said an actor who has played in many of the Fitch comedies. "When he had a play on the stocks he would labor over it day and night, often scarcely pausing for his meals and getting very little sleep; consequently his health suffered. He would work until on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and then his physician would step in and force him to knock off.

"During one of these periods of enforced idleness he was lounging in the Players club one day when Harry B. Smith, the prolific comic opera librettist, strolled in.

"'What are you doing now?' asked Smith.

"'I am in my doctor's hands,' replied Fitch. 'He tells me I'm in a bad way and has absolutely forbidden me to do any brain work.'

"'That's tough,' said Smith. 'How do you manage to put in the time?'

"'Oh, I'm writing the libretto of a musical comedy,' replied Fitch, with one of his cynical smiles."—New York Times.

### Hair Monstrosities.

French theater managers in the eighteenth century had worse evils than picture hats to contend against. Marie Antoinette, who was short even according to French standards, set the fashion of high coiffures, and ultra-fashionable women prided themselves on measuring four feet from their chins to the tops of their heads. These structures took about six hours to erect, the hairdresser mounting a ladder in the process. Some coiffures were almost as broad as they were long, with wings sticking out about eight inches on each side of the head. For the "frigate" coiffure the hair was rippled in a huge pile to represent the waves of an angry sea and surmounted by a fully rigged ship. As a consequence of these monstrosities disturbances in theaters occurred almost daily until an ordinance was issued against the admission of women with high coiffures to the floor of the house.—Chicago News.

### Yet He Meant Well.

Just as the train was leaving the Fifty-eighth street elevated station a man who had got off there hurried along the platform and spoke to a passenger sitting by an open window in the smoking car.

"Quick!" he cried. "Please hand me that package. I left it on the seat when I got out just now."

"Sure," said the passenger, picking up the bundle and tossing it out of the window.

"Thanks!"

"Hey, there! What are you doing that for?" demanded the wrathful, red-faced man sitting next to him.

"Why, he"

"You d—d pie-eyed idiot, that package belonged to me. It was $15 worth of laces and ribbons I was taking home to my wife!"

Over the scene that followed let us draw a veil.—Chicago Tribune.


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*CIGARS AND TOBACCO*

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BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS a specialty

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everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

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retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

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Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.



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**Oranges, — Lemons**

**"SUNKIST"**

means orange perfection

I have a superb assortment of the choicest fruit this week.

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Dealer in fine Groceries, Fancy Fruits and Delicacies.



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Are now fully located in our new store on Main street and would be delighted to have

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We can satisfy both your fancy and purse in BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, etc.

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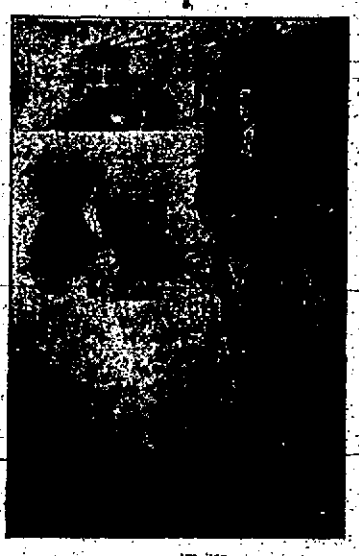

A TYPICAL ILLUSTRATION. *From* THE BOYS MAGAZINE

THE BOYS' MAGAZINE, ONE YEAR,
AND YOUR OWN PAPER,
THE McKEAN MINER ONE YEAR,

**BOTH FOR $1.60**

**SEND IN YOUR ORDER NOW**

ADDRESS

The McKean County Miner, Smethport, Pa.

# The Mckean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our town position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, June 16, 1910.


## REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Congress.
CHARLES E. PATTON,
of Curwensville.

For Members of Assembly.
SAMUEL E. BELL,
of Smethport.
HORACE H. REDFIELD,
of Smethport.

A St. Paul dispatch of June 13 says: A new national political party, with Theodore Roosevelt, Gifford Pinchot and James R. Garfield as its leaders, was launched Saturday night at a reception and banquet to Messrs. Pinchot and Garfield by the St. Paul Roosevelt club. President Hugh T. Halbert of the club, started the new party on its career in a speech introducing Mr. Pinchot, who made the principal address of the evening, his remarks arousing great enthusiasm. Mr. Pinchot in his address declared that the "interests" must get out of politics or the American people would put them out of business. Mr. Pinchot spoke in the banquetting room of the Ryan hotel after a reception to himself and James R. Garfield by 500 members and friends of the club, in recognition of their work in helping to carry out Mr. Roosevelt's efforts for conservation. Among those at the speaker's table were Governor Eberhart, Mayor Kelley, President Hugh T. Halbert of the Roosevelt club, and several Yale alumni of Mr. Pinchot.

The possibilities of aerial flight were given their demonstration thus far Monday when Chas. K. Hamilton made an aeroplane flight in a Curtiss machine from New York to Philadelphia, smashing all previous records and attaining a speed of a mile a minute. He made the trip in the machine in which Glenn Curtiss, the famous American aviator, broke the world's record in Rheims, France, last summer, and used the propellor which that wizard of the air used in his recent sensational flight from Albany to New York. Curtiss assisted him in the preparations for the flight.

It is absolutely denied that Democracy takes to water like a duck, although it is quite possible that a ticket representing the unterrified ones in a very near district will receive a severe ducking in the political pool sometime during the year of 1910.

Theodore Roosevelt, ex-president of the United States and the most talked of private individual since the beginning of time will land in New York next Saturday after an absence from this country of fifteen months, during which time he has hunted the forests of wildest Africa and made a trip of Europe. During his entire trip he was accorded all the honors which are usually extended to crown heads.

At the head of this column appears the Republican ticket of this district. It is one that every Republican should feel proud and lend his unstinted support. The men whose names appear on the ticket were selected from as strong a list of candidates as ever was brought before the voters choice. They are the voters' choice and certainly deserve the support of their ticket.

As the result of an afterbirth to the primary election held June 4th, Hilton, the Democratic candidate for Assembly, will also be a candidate on the Prohibition ticket. This came about by a mistake being made in the original count of the votes cast in the third ward of Kane. 'Tis all the same as this strong candidate would have, in all probability, eventually secured recognition on the Proht ticket anyway.

### Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending June 11, 1910

Crossman, Charley.
Lake, Mrs, Carrie.
McLeod, H. D.
Shea, John F.
Warnka, Chas F.

Persons calling for these Letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from the date of advertising. J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster

### Glass Cutters Wanted.

15 experienced men, 10 smoothers, 5 roughers. Also experienced Acid Polisher.

WAYNE CUT GLASS CO.,
Towanda, Pa.

See the useful as well as ornamental things at Holder's Bargain Store. And, Oh, how cheap!

## THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

Program of Various Events and List of Prizes and Committees for Smethport's Rousing Celebration.

An adjourned meeting of the Smethport Fire Department was held Sunday afternoon at which the committee of arrangements for Smethport's celebration of July Fourth made its report and plans for the celebration were discussed. The Hose Company deserves the unstinted support of the town in their efforts to make this celebration one of the largest ever held in this place. And from the way the project is being received there seems to be no doubt but that the support will be forthcoming. The local lodge of Red Men have signified their intention of assisting the Fire Department and taking an active part in the celebration.

Without a doubt one of the largest crowds in the town's history will be here on this day, and with two bands of music, three fine parades and numerous races, ball games and other athletic sports the crowd should be royally entertained.

A pleasing feature of the occasion will occur in the morning when the automobile parade, consisting of 50 gaily decorated automobiles, bearing children of the Smethport schools, will take place.

The industrial parade in the morning will be one of the biggest features of the day. The Smethport Fire Department and numerous civic and fraternal organizations will be in line also many floats representing local business places industries and other institutions and organizations. The fantastic parade will also be a most pretentious one. Alluring prizes have been offered for the various athletic events and many entries are expected The large posters, advertising the celebration are being gotten out and these will be followed within a few days by the small bills and other printing.

The following is the program of different events, the prizes and committees for the day's celebration:

Program.

100 guns at sunrise.

9 a. m.—Automobile parade. 50 autos with school children, headed by Marshall and Aides.

10 a. m.—Industrial and Civic parade of Fraternal and Civic organizations of this section and the live business firms of Smethport.

11 a. m.—3-Mile Bicycle Race Handicap free-for-all. Purse $6.

11:30 a. m.—15-mile Motor Cycle race—handicap. Free-for-all. Purse $25.

(Entries to above bicycle and motorcycle race to be made to E. A. Hamilton, Smethport, Pa., by 10 a. m. July 4th.)

11 a. m.—3-mile Foot Race, free-for-all, for championship of McKean county. 1st Prize $25 Silver Cup; 2nd prize $6 Sweater; 3rd Prize, $4 Running Shoes

(Make entries to J. L. Morrison, Smethport, Pa.)

100 yard dash—Purse $10.
Wheel barrow race—Purse $2.
Sack race—Purse $2.
Potato race—Purse $2.
Fat man's race—Purse $2.
100 yard foot race for Red Men—Purse $5.
100 yard foot race for Odd Fellows—Purse $5.

(These races are for championship of McKean County and all contestants are requested to take part in the Industrial and Civic Parade at 10 a. m. For information address B. F. Starsky, Smethport, Pa.)

2 p. m.—Patriotic Exercises at the Court House, under auspices of Travellers' Club. The orator will be announced next week. Chorus of 100.

3:30—Baseball at Kane Field. Purse $50. Admission 25c.

5 p. m.—Tug-of-War, front of Court House for championship of McKean and Potter County, between 40 select men from the Big Woods, Colonel Pullman Gillette, Manager.

6:30—Fantastic Parade. Fifty funny features, Comic costumes, amusement for everybody. Three bands.

8:30—Fireworks. $150 display.

9:00—Grand Ball at Lyceum. Music by Chadwick's Orchestra.

Music all day by Coleville and Smethport Bands and S. F. D. Rube Band in evening.

Reception Committee—Hon. R. W. Hilton, Samuel E. Bell, Horace H. Redfield, Edward K. Benson, Mayor S. H. Cleveland, and Smethport Fire Department.

Special trains leave at 11 p. m. via Kushequa Route for Kushequa and Mt. Jewett, and for Crosby, Colegrove, Hamlin and Clermont.

Everyone is cordially invited to spend the Fourth at Smethport.

The above program will be fulfilled to the letter.

M. S. GEARY, Chairman,
T. H. PURTLE,
F. H. HUNGIVILLE,
J. W. WAITE,
GUY McCOY,
Executive Committee.

### Wanted.

A family of four would take two maids, or an experienced general maid, good wages. Address Lock Box 116, Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the Miner.

## CRIMINAL COURT.

Ended in This Borough Last Friday—Many Cases Tried.

The June term of criminal court came to a close at the Court House in this borough last Friday evening, much business was disposed of during the session, Judge Bouton presided.

On Thursday William Miller was tried on a charge of burglary. The defendant is a consumptive and he pleaded nolle contendere—no defense—and was allowed to go on suspended sentence.

P. J. Purcell, charged with fraudulently secreting property, was promptly acquitted when the facts were presented.

William Sullivan charged with burglary was found not guilty.

A new trial was refused in the case of Geneieve Splain vs Aaron Helman. And a new trial in the case of the Oil Well Supply Company vs. C. E. Hockenberry was also refused.

The decision of a justice of the peace as to the inalienable right of a Bradford Nimrod to carry a shotgun on the Sabbath day, was reversed.

Charles Carpenter was convicted of assault and battery.

A number of divorces were granted and several petitions were refused. The following couples will not reside in the future at the same address; their petitions having been granted: Mary L. Dalrymple vs. Hugh M. Dalrymple; Thelma Bloch vs. Abraham Bloch; Ernest Scott vs. Bertha Scott; Nellie E. Roberts vs. Charles E. Roberts; William B. Reese vs. Emma Reese; Florence A. Coon vs. Lester Coon; Cora A. Bussey vs. Harvey A. Bussey; Sarah I. Colt vs. James F. Colt; Charles A. Wagner vs. Gertrude Wagner; Edna Boss vs. William W. Boss; Edith Belle Preston vs. James O. Preston; Elizabeth A. Stetson vs. Fred Stetson; Fred Craft vs. Charles G. Craft; Emma Hockenberry vs. Wesley Hockenberry.

Considerable of the court's time was taken up on Friday with the rather sensational case in which Dr. Collins Yerxa, a young dentist of Mt. Jewett was the defendant and a girl named Simkins the prosecuting witness. Yerxa was accused of having statutory offense, the girl, who is less than 16 years old, being the alleged victim. The case was given to the jury late this afternoon and after deliberating on the evidence and circumstances for a brief period, a verdict of not guilty was rendered.

Tony Oakes on an assault and battery charge was given a sentence of nine months in the county jail, together with cost and a fine of $10.

James Cohen, a minor, pleaded guilty to a charge of larceny and was ordered to be sent to the reformatory at Huntington.

Silas Evans, pleaded guilty to giving liquor to a person of known intemperance habits, was sentenced to spend 45 days in the county jail and pay a fine of $50 and cost.

Leon Collins pleaded guilty to resisting an officer on a train, not knowing the officer, aforesaid, and was allowed to go on suspended sentence.

Otto Jones, on a larceny charge, was also dealt with leniently. Otto is an Eldred youth. He was at Hazelhurst at a baseball game or something of that sort, and desired to go to his home. He was tired and did not like the idea of walking, so he grabbed a handcar and waft'd himself to Eldred over the Shawmut road. The judge allowed him to go on suspended sentence, the handcar having been


Read the

# "MINER"

## THE DUNBAR AGENCY

VOLNEY F. DUNBAR

You can get all kinds of up-to-date Magazines, Ladies Style Books. Writings of Mrs. Georgie Sheldon. Frank Merriwill's Medal Library. Nick Carter's Magnet Library, and many others too numerous to mention.

Stationery, Garden Seeds, Cigars and notions.

AT

DUNBAR'S AGENCY,
Crosby, McKean Co. Pa.


## FATAL COUDERSPORT FIRE.

Father and Son Lost Their Lives when Factory Owned by Former was Destroyed.

Coudersport, Pa., June. 14.—The village of Coudersport is shrouded in gloom to-day over one of the saddest tragedies on record in the vicinity. Yesterday afternoon within the space of half an hour the lives of two men, father and son, were wiped out by one of the most horrible of deaths, burning. Clarence Buck, aged about 40, and his son, Barnard, aged 19, were burned to death when the Buck Manufacturing company's plant was destroyed by fire.

There were a dozen or score of men at work in the plant and all but the father and son succeeded in making their escape from the burning building. Mr. Buck himself was rescued, but he was fatally burned and died about midnight.

The Buck Manufacturing company has a plant just outside the village limits where a non-explosive powder is manufactured. Mr. Buck, senior, was the inventor of the powder, which is used for blasting purposes. The fire was discovered shortly after 3 o'clock yesterday and immediately there was a wild rush on the part of the employes to escape from the doomed building, which was of wood and went up in smoke like paper. The younger victim, who was engaged in wrapping the powder, did not succeed in escaping from the building and his remains were burned to a crisp.

The elder victim of the fire could have escaped injury had he not undertaken to rescue his son, but the flames, feeding on the inflammable material used in making the explosive compound at the plant, rendered the man's efforts fruitless and caused his death. He died as a hero actuated by a father's love.


For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

# Our June Real Estate List Tells All About

175 money making farms, varying in size from 10 to 900 acres, and in price from $400 to $20,000. Some of these farms have nice timber lots, some have stock and tools and some have free gas. All of them are for sale at low prices and many of them on very easy terms. Our June real estate lists also describe many desirable village and city properties, country stores and other profitable enterprises. If you want to engage in business of any kind you ought to first read our June real estate list, sent to any address on receipt of a two-cent stamp. If you want to sell any property you ought to enlist the services of this live agency. Our service is a service that sells.

## Herrick Agency,

BOLIVAR, N. Y.

We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

# SPRING IS THE TIME

to put in that bath room. I have in stock a fine line of fixtures for bath rooms.

Call and look them over. Low in price but high in quality.

Estimates cheerfully given free of charge

## E. W. STRONG

You Cannot be sure of Satisfactory Clothes Unless you are Sure of the fabircs They are Made of

# "SHACKAMAXON"

Guaranteed Fabrics for Men's Wear. Thoroughly Shrunk.

Made only for merchant tailors. No fabrics made anywhere are more perfect in finish, in wearing qualities, or in color.

Every thread is pure wool.

If any fault develops in any Shackamaxon fabric, no matter how long you have worn it—write to us and we will make it good.

## J. R. Kein & Co.,

Shackamaxon Mills, Philadelphia, Pa.

We handle and guarantee the above.

See Saturday Evening Post of April 30, 1910.

# H. W. Rubin,

Smethport, Pa.

# PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

JUNE ON THE GREAT LAKES.

Restful, delightful, interesting, and instructive, there is no trip like that on the Great Lakes, those inland seas which form the border line between the United States and Canada.

And June is one of the most charming months in the year in which to take the trip.

For comfort the fine passenger steamships of the Anchor Line have no superiors. As well-appointed as the palatial ocean grey hounds which plow the atlantic, their schedule allows sufficient time at a stopping place to enable the traveler to see something of the great lake cities and to view in daylight the mast destinctive sights of the lakes, and the scenery which frames them.

The trip through the Detroit River, and through Lake St. Clair, with its great ship canal in the middle of the lake, thence through Lake Huron, the locking of the steamer through the great locks at the Soo, and the passage of the Portage Entry lake and canal, across the upper end of Michigan are novel and interesting features.

The voyage from Buffalo to Duluth covers over eleven hundred miles in the five days' journey. Leaving Buffalo, the steamships Juniata, Tionesta and Octorara, make stops at Erie, Cleveland, Detroit, Mackinac Island, the Soo, Marquette, Houghton and Hancock, and Duluth.

The 1910 season opened on May 31, when the Steamer Tionesta made her first sailing from Buffalo.

The Anchor Line is the Great Lake Annex of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the service measures up to the high standard set by the "Standard Railroad of America."

An illustrated folder, giving sailing rates of steamers, rates of fare, and other information is in course of preparation and may be obtained when ready from any Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Agent, who is also prepared to book passengers who may desire to take this trip through the Great Lakes and back.

THE FINE ARTS IN BAKING

are shown to advantage in our attractive display in Spring offerings in fancy cakes and pastries, and what is of equal if not of greater importance, our goods taste even better than they look. If you are not acquainted with us and our baking it will surely pay you to call and examine our output and give our goods a trial.

PICKERSGILL'S BAKERY
Main Street.

## No Better Investment for Five Hundred Dollars

is to be found than the Certificates of Deposit issued by the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings. The investor receives a clean cut return of 4% per annum, the interest being mailed to him every six months. The yield begins immediately on issue of the certificate, and there are no fees or expense attached to the collection of either principal or interest. A special booklet on this attractive form of investment will be mailed on request.

THIS BANK ACCEPTS THESE CERTIFICATES AS COLLATERAL ON TEMPORARY LOANS TO THEIR FULL FACE VALUE, THUS SUPPLYING UNEXPECTED CALLS FOR MONEY WHILE LEAVING THE INVESTMENT UNDISTURBED

PITTSBURGH BANK FOR SAVINGS
4th AVE and SMITHFIELD ST.
PITTSBURGH PA.
ASSETS OVER 16 MILLION DOLLARS

WRITE FOR BOOKLET O C.

# JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

## FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

# WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS.

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St F. H. Hungiville, SMETHPORT

# The Lindholm Company,

Queen Quality Shoe Sale.

## SATURDAY JUNE 20TH.

We want to close out every pair of Queen Quality shoes in our store.
We wish to show a new line of high shoes next fall.

Therefore we offer every pair of Queen Quality shoes at a big loss.
This is your gain and our loss.
We have all sizes from 2½ to 6½, but not in each style.

Regular Prices. $3.00 $3.50 and $4.00 for $1.75

$3.00, $3.50, & $4.00,

## The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.



### The Benefits of Modern Plumbing.

One of the most generally approved ideas of modern plumbing is that of installing one-piece lavatories supplied with hot and cold running water in the sleeping apartments and dressing chambers of the individual members of the household.

The benefits derived from this arrangement will not only be found necessary to modern living, but also prove a source of convenience and comfort to the occupants.

Send for a copy of booklet "Modern Lavatories," which shows the complete line of "Standard" One-piece Lavatories with approximate prices in detail.

Daly & Garlick



McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 16, 1910.


### Local and General.

—Come to Smethport for the Fourth of July.

—Smethport will be the liveliest town in the universe July 4th.

—Mrs. Edward A. Studholme has recovered from her recent illness.

—James Pine of Buffalo has accepted a position as chauffeur for Samuel E. Bell.

—The disagreeable weather of along back evidently disappeared with the comet.

—Mrs. O. J. Hamlin entertained the Bridge Whist Club on Wednesday evening.

—Mrs. Bernard Garlick entertained a party of ladies at Bridge Thursday afternoon.

—The treasurer's sale of lands brought a good many people to town on Monday.

—The Lindholm Company has a new advertisement in this week's issue of The Miner.

—Mrs. Henry Hamlin and Mrs. Howard E. Merrill gave a Thimble party for Miss Rose Friday.

—Hon. J. W. Bouton and family, V. B. Bouton and family and Miss Dora Keenan are at Frog Camp for a few days.

—Twenty-nine employes of the Montreal Herald lost their lives Monday when the Herald building was destroyed by fire.

—The condition of Mrs. Mary Pelton of this borough who recently suffered a stroke of paralysis in Buffalo, shows some improvement.

—The Norwich Telephone line is nearly completed and most of the 'phones have already been connected. This is a great convenience to the people along Potato creek.

—Mrs. S. R. Lindsley, who was taken ill in Kane a week ago last Saturday is convalescent and is expected to arrive home to-morrow.

—Cement walks are being laid in front of the adjoining properties of Dr. W. A. Ostrander, Mrs. W. F. Shero and H. S. Rogers on East Main street.

—The Mt. Jewett window glass factory shut down Saturday. It was expected that this plant would run all summer and the closing came unexpectedly.

—While at his work at the Smethport window glass factory yesterday, Claude Denning, an employe, had the misfortune to burn one side of his face quite badly.

—E. W. Strong has got fully settled with his plumbing establishment in his new quarters in the Odd Fellows building. Mr. Strong has got a very attractive business place.

—The tent of the Hoyt comedy company which exhibited at Emporium the week before last was destroyed by fire on Saturday the closing night of the company's engagement.

—Teachers' examinations for McKean county are being given at the school house in this borough to-day. A large number of prospective teachers are in town to take the examinations.

—Alfred E. Duryea of Olean, assistant traffic chief of the Bell Telephone Co. has been in town this week. Linemen are making needed improvements to the lines of the company and many improvements will be made to local Bell service in general.

—The July issue of The Boys' Magazine is off the press. The issue is replete with fine stories, special articles and illustrations of interest to both young and old. It will be for sale at all newstands within a few days.

—The annual banquet and ball of the Alumni Association of the Smethport High School will be held at the Lyceum next Tuesday evening. Elaborate arrangements are being made for the event, which promises to be one of the most successful ones ever held by the association.

—Reports have reached this place that Keith Dalrymple of Port Allegany, who has been missing for about two years, has been located in Montana. His guardian, Mr. Dusenberry, received a telegram from the authorities there stating that he was detained there. An investigation is being made.

—A local man's ire was aroused by a local Italian Saturday night to such at extent that he implanted sundry forceful blows upon the countenance of the son of Sunny Italy with the result that his victim's classical features were decorated with an intricate color design from which they have not at the present time fully extricated themselves.

—An excursion will be run over the Shawmut road to Olean next Thursday on the occasion of the appearance of Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Pawnee Bill's Far East shows in that city. This is the last tour of Col. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," and after next season he will be succeeded by Col. Gordon Lillie, "Pawnee Bill," who will head the organization.

—President Taft passed through Olean, Port Allegany and Emporium a week ago Sunday on his way back to Washington from his Western trip. His private car was hitched to the rear of the Pennsylvania Washington flyer and the President appeared on the rear platform at the three places and at Olean and Emporium he delivered short talks.

—The benefit dance given at Howe's Hall, East Smethport, last Thursday evening was well attended and an excellent time was had by all. Acker's orchestra furnished excellent music on the occasion. A neat sum was realized and this has been turned over for the relief of a family in that place who have been having a long seige of sickness. The excellent patronage was fully deserved. The committee who worked hard to make this event the success it was, deserves great credit.

—W. J. Kerr, proprietor of the Star picture show has invented a patent shutter for a moving picture machine which promises to be a most useful contrivance which will well repay the inventor for his efforts. The present attachment now in use is responsible for the flicker of moving pictures which it is impossible to overcome. Mr. Kerr's attachment is constructed so as to entirely eliminate this trouble. The contrivance was tested on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and the results were perfect.

—Seventeen head of cattle kept on the Fisher farm in Boyd valley have recently been slaughtered under instructions from the State Livestock Sanitary board. The stock belonged to J. T. Jones. Dr. Sartwell of this city was instructed to make an examination of the cattle and he reported that the seventeen were afflicted with tuberculosis. Dr. Turner of Wellsboro was sent to Bradford to make an examination and it is understood that the owner will be allowed two-thirds of the amount of this appraised value.—Bradford Era.

—"Ted," a highly prized fox terrier, owner by Miss Edith McGuire of this borough gave a rare exhibition of canine intelligence this week. The little animal had become sick and on Tuesday he was taken to Bradford and placed under the care of Dr. Roswell Sartwell for treatment. Yesterday morning about 11 o'clock the dog arrived back at the Grand Central hotel having escaped and made the trip overland from Bradford to Smethport a distance of 18 miles a little tired but perfectly satisfied to be home once more. The remarkable part of the canine's performance was that he had never been over the route before and made the trip purely by instinct.

—S. F. Redfield, publisher of The Boys' Magazine, returned Monday from St. Louis where he was in attendance at the convention of the American Woman's League, of which he is a member. This large organization maintains a census board over various magazines and periodicals and there were many well known publishers present. Mr. Redfield reports that the convention had a huge attendance. The Boys' Magazine was favorably received by the Woman's League upon its first being inaugurated. During his stay in St. Louis Mr. Redfield did some tall boosting for his publication with the result that it received more than passing attention from the attendants at the convention.

### PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Rose Liebel is spending a month in Buffalo.

Mrs. A. M. Thamm of Bradford spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. J. Aylesworth of Olean, N. Y., is visiting Mrs. J. Colegrove.

Mrs. M. B. Goff of Lafayette was a Smethport visitor Wednesday.

Dr. John Clark returned Monday from a visit in Hot Springs, Ark.

Mrs. Sarah Blake of Eldred is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. C. Backus.

Mrs. T. J. Doughtery of Pottsville, Pa., is visiting Mrs. James Hulings of Willow street.

Mrs. Amandus Engstrom and son, Arthur, left this morning for a visit in Jamestown.

Mrs. A. Pattison and daughter, Susan of Bradford spent the week with Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Morey.

Bert Shooke of this borough went to Hot Springs, Arkansas, last week, where he will undergo medical treatment.

Mrs. Lawrence Hopper and daughter, Alberta, were guests of the former's son, W. B. Hopper and wife over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. F. Hartmayer returned to their home in Buffalo Monday accompanied by Miss Rita Denning.

Paul Apple and Frederick Specht, who are students at State College returned home last evening for the summer vacation.

Mrs. James A. McKean and grandchildren, Margaret and James Hubbard, are guests of friends and relatives in Cortland, N. Y.

Mrs. B. F. Wright returned last Thursday from a visit in Renova, where she attended the wedding of her neice, Miss Louise Wright.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Pomeroy, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Studholme and daughter, Margaret, of Port Allegany automobiled to town Sunday.

Ralph Herzog, who is a student at State College returned home the latter part of last week for the summer vacation.

Mildred O. Dunbar, postmistress at Crosby, spent Sunday in Olean the guest of her sister, Lillian, who is attending Westbrook Commercial Academy.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gerritt left Monday for Reading, Pa., where they will be in attendance at the State convention of Red Men, Mr. Gerritt being the delegate from the local lodge of that order.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Dunbar and son, Lawrence, of Obi, N. Y., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Guy H. McCoy of this place at Frog Camp for the week.

Mrs. H. Bowen and children, Jack and Isabelle, of Bradford are guests of the former's sister, Mrs. J. C. Backus.

M. Scanlon, who holds an important position with the National Transit Co. at their pump station at Colegrove was in town yesterday and spent the night in town. Mr. Scanlon is enjoying his annual vacation and leaves to-day for a trip which will include New York, Philadelphia and Atlantic City.

### $500 Reward.

A reward of $500 is offered by the county commissioners of McKean county for the detection or apprehension and conviction of any person guilty of a felony in connection with the disappearance of Michael Steffan, a boy seven years of age, of Ludlow, McKean County, Pa., who was last seen in the woods near his home on Saturday, the 16th day of April, 1910.

JOHN A. PETERSON,
ARTHR M. MARSH,
JOHN P. DEVLIN,
County Commissioners of McKean County.

Smethport, Pa., June 15 1910.
June16—4t.


Bradford Summer School.

A review for teachers June 20 to July 29. Inquire of Chas. H. Korns, Bradford, Pa.



ANTI-ACHE

"Cures headache in a flash"

Relieves the congestion, cools the head, stops the ache. Absolutely safe for old or young. Does not leave slightest ill effects or reaction. Tasteless Tablets All druggists, 10c and 25c

Wayne Chemical Co., Clarion, Pa.



WM. MONHEIMER.

A Sale Of BOYS SUITS

Ages from 4 to 16

You Save from $1.50 to $3.50 if you buy now

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# A Clever Ruse

**But It Was Very Unexpectedly Thwarted.**

By WILLARD BLAKEMAN

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On coming home from business I found my wife in the dumps.

"What's the matter, dear?" I asked.

"It's all up with us."

"Bottom dropped out of the universe?"

"Worse. Aunt Abigail will have to live with us. She's written that her friend with whom she has had a home is to give up her house the 1st of May, and that throws her out. I am her only relative, and of course she expects me to take her in."

"She's a bit cranky, isn't she?"

"Cranky is no name for it."

"Well, we'll have to make the best of it."

Aunt Abigail arrived. We had previously considered our home entirely our own. With the coming of our relative we saw at once that all this was changed. She settled herself down with an appearance of permanency that made my blood run cold.

"Well," she exclaimed, looking about her, "how did you ever come to build this house down in a hollow—it must have been a swamp once—when you could as well have put it up on that hill, where you could see something?"

"We live here winter and summer, Aunt Abigail. Up there we would freeze in cold weather."

"Freeze! Nonsense! Some people are always afraid they'll breathe a little fresh air. I'm not. I sleep with my window open, and I like to have a gale blowing in right on me. You should have fronted your house to the south.

"I can't stand this. We must get rid of her, I said to my wife."

"To turn her out would be awful."

"We needn't do that. We can fix it so that she will go of her own accord."

"For heaven's sake explain."

"You know the homeopathic principle—like cures like. Well, my Uncle Robert is more disagreeable, if that is possible, than your Aunt Abigail. He is a dictatorial old curmudgeon, with no respect for any one's opinion but his own. He is as poor as a church mouse; living in a miserable room in a rookery by himself. He amuses himself abusing his neighbors from his window and shying anything he can get his hands on at the cats. Now, it has occurred to me to bring him here as a foil for your aunt. She can't possibly endure to stay in the house with such a man, and when she's gone I'll find a way to get rid of Uncle Robert. Perhaps they may both go to get rid of each other."

"Your plan seems rather impracticable to me, Billy, but I have a good deal of confidence in those roundabout ways of yours. Suppose we try it?"

So I wrote Uncle Robert offering a home temporarily and, if he liked it, as long as he lived. He accepted eagerly, and it was not long before he was down upon us bag and baggage.

"My dear boy," he exclaimed, patting me on the back, "how you do remind me of your father! He and I were inseparable as boys, and I've carried you on my shoulder often. And to think that I'm to have a home with you! Put me anywhere. A garret is good enough for a broken down old codger like me. Phew! Somebody's been smoking here. Do you smoke? How I hate tobacco! It makes me sick."

"I won't smoke any more in the house since you're come, uncle," I said.

"Oh, don't mind me. I can stand anything; got to stand it. I've made a dead failure of life and don't deserve anything else. You don't mind my opening the window, do you—just to let the odor out?"

"Fanny has a bad cold, you know."

"Just the thing to cure her. Let her breathe the cool air of heaven."

Up went the window and out of the room went Fanny. Half an hour after my uncle arrived dinner was announced. I was watching our guests when they entered the dining room. It was like a dog and a cat at first catching sight of each other. Both seemed to crouch for an encounter. Neither spoke to the other for some time after taking seats at table. Then a remark of Uncle Robert's ruffled Aunt Abigail.

"This women's voting craze"— he was beginning.

"Voting what, sir?"

"Craze, madam," raising his voice.

"I'm not deaf. I heard you well enough. I object to you calling woman's suffrage a craze."

"Are you an advocate of woman's suffrage, madam?"

"I most assuredly am."

"I believe in any one who advocates a principle standing by that principle and not attempting to straddle"—

"Sir!"

"That is, to equivocate or knuckle down, defending the cause with all his or her strength. Per contra, I reserve the same privilege for myself. Woman's suffrage I consider the most abominable, diabolical, illogical rot that was ever sprung on a Christian people."

"And I consider it one of the holiest causes"—

"Aunt Abigail," interposed my wife, "do let me help you to this little bit of wing. You're not eating enough to feed a sparrow."

"I'm inclined to think," remarked Uncle Robert, "that there's a good deal in this new idea of diet. This man what's-his-name who is proving that the less we eat the more work we can do is going to create a revolution."

"Have you adopted his idea?" asked Aunt Abigail spitefully.

Considering that I had just filled Uncle Robert's plate for the second time this was unkind.

"I have not, madam, for the reason that I am not yet satisfied that his views are correct. I'm nothing if not scientific. I must see a thing proved before I adopt it."

"Would you prove woman's suffrage before adopting it?"

This was quite bright of Aunt Abigail.

"I admit," replied Uncle Robert, "that to prove it before adopting it would be impossible. It isn't necessary to prove it. Any fool can see that the idea is ridiculous."

"Uncle," I interrupted for the purpose of calling a truce and preventing Aunt Abigail from firing a return shot, "let me fill your glass."

"No, sir," putting his hand over it—"not at all, sir. I drink just one glass of wine with my dinner. And that's enough for any man."

"Quite right," I replied and filled my own for the third time.

"One is *too much* for any man, especially an old man," snapped the aunt. "Nothing is so disgusting to me as an old toper."

The shot, while it applied partly to me, was fired at Uncle Robert.

"Not at all," he replied. "One glass is good for the system. You know what St. Paul says, 'Take a little wine for the stomach's sake.'"

"Yes," retorted Aunt Abigail, "and I know that the devil can quote Scripture."

This was so well turned that I felt like patting the old lady on the back. But it did not squelch Uncle Robert for the simple reason that he was unsquelchable. The skirmishing went on, getting hotter and hotter, till at last, to prevent an open rupture, my wife arose from the table. She, poor woman, was dreading a fracas, and I was not anxious to have a break occur so early in the game.

As soon as Fanny and I were alone together we sat down and laughed.

"Did you ever see anything work more beautifully?" I said, slapping my leg.

"Never."

"Let them go their own gait. My opinion is that one or the other will get out within a week."

Every day my uncle came to me and said that he couldn't live in the same house with a cat and was going tomorrow. Every day Aunt Abigail went to Fanny and said she could not possibly endure that opinionated old heathen and she was casting about for another home, but it was dreadful that she should be alone in the world, with no one to love but Fanny, and Fanny must needs be incumbered by all her husband's relatives. I told my uncle that if I were deprived of the comfort of caring for my father's brother in his old age it would break my heart. Fanny made faint hearted attempts to quiet her aunt, and agreed with her that my uncle was a trifle hard to get on with, regretting at the same time that he had the same claim on me that her aunt had on her. It is true that occasionally there would be a lull in the hostilities and we would find the two chatting quite amicably. But this was when they happened to strike some subject which was a pet with both. As soon as they drifted into topics on which they disagreed the roar of battle recommenced.

Several weeks passed in this way, and Fanny and I were getting impatient for the denouement, when one day uncle came to me and said that he would like to have a few words with me and Fanny alone. He looked very serious, and I felt quite sure he would announce his departure. He was a born gentleman, and nothing would be further from his nature than to hurt one's feelings, and to appear ungrateful would break his heart. I called Fanny into the library, shut the door and waited for the old man to speak.

"My dear boy," he began, taking my hand, "and my dear little girl," taking Fanny's hand, "I have something to announce which will surprise you. I am going to leave you!"

"Oh, uncle!" we both exclaimed, trying hard to appear much disappointed, even shocked.

"Yes, I am going away, and your aunt is also going."

This was indeed a surprise.

"Your kindness has brought about a great change in two lonely lives. For a time it seemed to both of us that we must thwart your plans for the happiness of both of us. It has not seemed that we can live under the same roof together."

He paused, and I thought he was going to shed tears. Then he added abruptly:

"We are both going to leave you tomorrow."

"Both?"

"Yes, both. We are to be quietly married at 9 o'clock and leave on a short wedding trip on the 10 o'clock train."

"Goodness gracious!" from Fanny.

"Great Scott!" from me.

"But we shall be gone only a few days."

"And then!" exclaimed Fanny and I breathlessly.

"And then," resumed the old man, putting a hand on each of our heads, "we return to spend the rest of our lives with our dear niece and nephew."

Heaven helps those who help themselves. At any rate, heaven came to our relief. I inherited $20,000 from a maternal uncle. Of this I put $5,000 in a house for the old couple and invested the rest in an annuity for them. Strangely enough, they are quite contented together.

# Married by Accident

**A Man Wins a Wife by Getting Into the Wrong House.**

By REGINALD D. HAVEN

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On —— street is a block of ten houses, every house exactly like every other house. I once lived in one of these houses, and I never went home but I ran a risk of getting into the wrong house.

In the fourth house was a young lady whose appearance I especially admired. I considered her very pretty, and she was certainly very stylish.

"Now, that's just the girl I would like for a wife," I used to say when I saw her going into or coming out of her home.

One afternoon I went home, and, finding the front door ajar, I walked in, put my hat and overcoat in the hall closet and went upstairs to a sitting room on the second floor. The room was shut in by brick walls, and I seldom sat there without turning on the light. Being tired, I threw myself into an easy chair and, closing my eyes, sat thinking on a matter of business that had occurred during the day. Presently, hearing a footstep and looking up, I saw a woman's figure standing in the doorway. There was not enough light to distinguish who she was, but I was not long kept in ignorance. She pressed a button beside the door, and a bright electric light showed me the girl who lived two doors from me.

"How is this?" I stammered. "Have I got into the wrong house?"

"I expect you have," replied the girl.

"Pardon me. I assure you I had no idea— I'm very careless."

At that moment I heard the front door close. The girl heard it, too, and changed countenance.

"Good gracious, my aunt!" she exclaimed.

"Well?"

"It is very unfortunate your being here. She is a very suspicious woman."

"I see. It would grieve me terribly to have her think"—

"Dear me, she's coming up here!"

"Can I get out without meeting her?"

"No. Go in there."

She shut me up in a large closet, and the next minute I heard the harsh voice of an old woman in the adjoining room.

"Lois," she said severely, "that young man you admire so much who lives in this block is in this house. I was sitting in Mrs. Deacon's window, next door, and saw him come up and walk in the front door. What are you doing in this room with all this light turned on?"

"Why, Aunt Jane, you must be mistaken."

"Mistaken! Do you think I haven't eyes? Oh, heavens, Lois! Can it be possible that you are—are a wicked, bad girl? Upon my word, I believe you are hiding a lover. I'm going to have a look."

She made for the only place in the room possible for concealment—the closet—and had her hand on the door knob when I heard a slight scuffle, and the young lady said:

"Aunt Jane, before you open that door I wish to say something to you. I have been deceiving you. I have been wooed and won clandestinely by the young man you have referred to. He is in that closet."

I must hasten to protect the honor of one I had compromised by my stupidity. I flung open the door, put my arm around the girl who had been driven to this falsehood, threw back my head proudly and said dramatically:

"No power on earth shall separate me from my wife."

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed the old lady.

My reputed wife buried her face in her hands, whether because the seriousness of the matter had occurred to her or whether to conceal laughter at its absurdity I did not know.

"Do you mean to say," continued the old lady to me, "that you are married to my niece?"

There would be no use in mincing matters. I swore that I was her niece's husband.

"And you, Lois," continued the aunt, "are you really married to him?"

A faint "Yes" came from under the girl's hands.

"Well, well, well! How you two young people could have done your courting without my finding you out is remarkable. How did you manage it?"

"Love laughs at locksmiths." I said knowingly, not having any explanation ready.

"I should think so," said the aunt impressively. "How long have you been married?"

I didn't dare risk an answer to this question, fearing to be caught in a trap. I threw the burden on my bride.

"Lois, dear," I said, "tell your aunt all about it. She will be more forgiving at getting the story from one she loves. Or would you prefer sitting down with her alone and talking it all over with her?"

"I think I would like to have a little time," stammered Lois faintly.

"And I think I want the whole story this minute," cried the aunt.

"Had I not better withdraw?" I suggested. I was beginning to get very hot in the face. Confound these houses built in blocks! I'll never live in one again.

By this time Lois had thought what answer would be less likely to sink us deeper in the mire. It occurred to her that if she said we had just been married the result in the end would be less compromising, so she told her aunt that we had been married that day at noon. She hit upon this hour because she had been away from home at that time. Then her aunt asked if we had been married by a clergyman. Lois, dreading that the old woman would pounce on the dominie, told her that we had been married by a justice of the peace.

"A justice of the peace!" exclaimed the old lady contemptuously. "Do you call that a marriage? I shall telephone for our own rector at once. If you can't be married respectably you shall at least be married religiously."

She was making for the telephone. We both clutched her.

"Madam," I cried, "permit me to say a word. I beg of you to leave me and my—your niece alone together for awhile that we may talk this matter over. These unconventional marriages are liable to bring a stain upon the parties concerned. You certainly don't wish your niece to suffer in that way, do you? Give us an hour to decide as to when and how we shall publish our union to the world."

With a sniff the old lady bounced out of the room.

The girl and I looked at each other. We would have laughed, but the affair was far too serious for mirth.

"You've got me into a terrible pickle," said Lois, much irritated.

"I? I ask a thousand"—

"Why did you say we were married? I only said we were engaged. There was a retreat from that. There is none from marriage."

"An engagement doesn't warrant a girl having a lover in a closet."

"I don't suppose it does."

"Marriage is the only thing that will excuse that."

"But how are we going to get out of it?"

"Can't you confess the whole thing? It's a splendid joke, awfully funny. Hasn't your aunt any sense of humor?"

"About as much as a cat has of poetry."

"What do you suggest?"

"I can't think of anything unless I do as you say—confess—but that would be the same thing as acknowledging criminality. Aunt Jane would never believe anything else."

"Then you can't get out of it without being smirched, at least to your aunt?"

"No, and she can never keep the secret. Others will know it. It will go everywhere. What shall I do?" She wrung her hands.

"There's another trouble in the way," I said. "She asked each of us if we admitted we were married. That in the presence of a witness makes us man and wife."

"Oh, my goodness gracious!"

There was a silence, at the end of which I said:

"I'm responsible for all this. Now let me make an admission. I have seen and admired you before, and I have said to myself, 'That's a girl I would like for my wife.' I heard your aunt refer to me as a person you had"—she hung her head—"had admired. Now, suppose we let the matter rest, pledging your aunt to keep our secret till we can determine what we wish to be the outcome of this singular adventure. I will keep my home; you can keep yours. If we decide not to be man and wife we can find some way out of it with your aunt. If we wish to be married we can have a more pretentious ceremony than the one just performed."

We filled up the hour deliberating, but found no better plan than this. Then we rejoined Aunt Jane, and I acted as spokesman.

"Aunt Jane," I said—"I presume I may now call you aunt—I admit that I have done very wrong in hurrying your niece into a secret marriage, especially since my affairs are not just now in a condition that will enable me to take care of a wife in the style to which she has been accustomed. I ask a short time in which to get them in such condition, and I shall then acknowledge the marriage. As for myself, I would be willing to do this now, but Lois, whom we both love and whose reputation we are both bound to protect, thinks that we had better wait awhile, then announce an engagement and after a brief one celebrate a marriage without saying anything about the one that has occurred. Meanwhile I ask permission to visit my wife just as I would visit her with your permission to win her. I should have taken this course before. The strength of my love for her is my only excuse for not doing so. I am convinced that if she turns out to be as estimable a lady as her aunt I shall have won a treasure."

Aunt Jane gave me reason to be proud of myself for this speech by saying that it was never too late to do the right thing and she hoped I would prove myself as worthy as my words indicated.

I kissed the old lady at my departure, and my wife followed me to the door for the ostensible purpose of receiving a marital salute. I offered to avail myself of the opportunity, but Lois drew back.

I then returned to my own home, having been in the wrong house an hour and a half, during which I had married a wife to whom I had never before spoken a word and had conciliated her guardian.

I was not long winning my wife's consent to a public engagement and soon got my affairs in shape for a public wedding. When we entered the church there was not a person present who knew that the union of the contracting parties occurred from the groom having got into the wrong house.

# A TRICK IN FENCING

**One Highly Distressing to an Accomplished Swordsman.**

**TURNS A DUEL INTO A FARCE.**

**Used by a Weak or a Timid Opponent It Renders His Adversary Practically Helpless—A Case of Two Playing at the Same Game.**

A long and interesting chapter might be written on the humors of duels which never came off or which in some way fell short of deserving the name. A case which occurred a few years ago in Paris, the particular home and harvest field of the habitual duelist, merits mention.

A peaceable looking gentleman was walking down one of the boulevards with a lady on his arm when out of a cafe sprang a man, who dealt him a violent kick. The victim turned, only to meet the horrified apologies of the aggressor, who begged to assure him that it was wholly a mistake in identity. Instead of insisting upon an exchange of cards and the other customary forms, the kicked man answered, with much warmth, but admirable self control: "I cannot, sir, accept your expression of regret as sufficient. Your action may have been a mistake, as you say, but acquaintances of mine may have witnessed it, and will go away and spread the news that I have submitted to an insult without avenging it. I must therefore and instantly slap your face with equal publicity." The other most becomingly assented, the first sufferer administering a ringing blow on his ear, and the affair ended with entire satisfaction on both sides.

Weak or timid fencers are sometimes taught by their masters to keep a more skillful antagonist busy by fixing the sword in one position, aimed straight at his sword hand, and then not moving except to retreat when pressed too hard. It is highly distressing to an accomplished swordsman to have to face a learner so instructed, for it means a great outlay of energy and wind to little purpose.

Comte de Dion once thus chased a retreating adversary across plowed fields for a mile and a half and finally under the wheel of a cab for the poor satisfaction of giving him a slight prod in the back. Dr. Clemenceau in his famous duel with M. Desèbaumes, after a swift and wearisome pursuit, halted, shouldered his rapier like a walking stick and strolled back to his original place, throwing the contemptuous remark over his shoulder, "And, now, monsieur, I will await you here."

Catulle Mendes had a similar run after Eugne Poe through the forest of St. Germain, which he ended by flinging his own sword into the bushes, with the angry exclamation, "I am willing to die from exhaustion by the roadside, if need be, but not from running after a poltroon."

A yet funnier incident was that which occurred in Toulouse, where a lawyer of some note named Cazeneuve was called out by a landed proprietor whom he had offended by a speech in court. He repaired at once to a fencing master, as he knew nothing whatever about handling a sword. This teacher gave him the usual advice about keeping his adversary at arm's length with the poised and immovable rapier, but strongly enjoined him not to retreat. It so happened that the landed proprietor, being equally ignorant, applied to the same master for instruction. The master, who was somewhat of a wag, gave him the lawyer's lesson in duplicate.

When the two men met and their seconds had duly placed them a long and tedious stillness ensued. For more than five minutes each foeman stood with his sword arm extended at full length, waiting for the other to advance. Then the seconds intervened, claiming that both had proved themselves men of honor and courage and that nothing further was necessary but to shake hands and be reconciled.

And this recalls the occasion when Lieutenant Randolph Ridgely of our army while in the Mexican war was sought by two young officers who had quarreled and each of whom wished the lieutenant for his second. It was finally arranged that he should act as second for both. On the field, where the adversaries were armed with shotguns, Ridgely measured off a line of ten paces and placed them respectively at its two termini, cocked his own revolver and announced that he would give all the orders himself and in his own way and that he would shoot down whichever of his principals disobeyed him in the slightest particular.

Then came the orders, very deliberately uttered: "Present arms!" "Carry arms!" "Shoulder arms!" "Take aim!" They took careful aim and waited almost breathlessly for some minutes for the command to fire. It never came. Instead came the orders: "Present arms!" "Carry arms!" "Shoulder arms!" "Right about face!" "Front!" "Forward march!"

They recognized his commands as given in deadly earnest and knew that it would be instantly fatal to refuse. He kept them marching till they reached his tent. There he halted them and bade them stand at parade rest till they had listened to a lecture on the folly of dueling which fairly made their ears ring. But he seasoned his dose of rebuke with a few words of praise for the soldierly mettle they had shown in facing each other's gun without flinching, and the two men became fast friends from that hour.—New York Post.


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LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 338, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall. Main street.
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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 338, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree 2nd second; 2nd degree 3rd, and 3rd degree 4th fourth meetings.
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I. O. R. M.—Meets every other Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree every 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
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CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League, at 6:30 p. m.; evening services at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's aCthelic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. M. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

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# MY SISTER'S FLIRTATION

## With a Girl at a Window Opposite Who Mistook Her For Me.

By EDWARD C. HANCOCK.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

"What a lovely room!" exclaimed my sister Alice. She had come to inspect my new bachelor quarters in the city.

"I'm glad you like it. There's something lovelier over there in the back of that house. A pretty girl sits every afternoon in the middle third story window."

A girl came to the window designated, leaned a pair of white arms on the sill, looked down at the clotheslines below and went away without seeing us.

"You don't mean to say you call her pretty?" said Alice.

"I consider her beautiful. I would like to attract her attention, but dare not."

"What are you afraid of?"

"Being a stranger to her, I am afraid of offending her."

"Suppose I coach you on starting a flirtation with a girl at an opposite window?"

"I wish you would."

"Will you do as I say?"

"Certainly."

"Very well. If she comes to the window again while I'm here I'll tell you what to do."

Alice went about the room opening drawers and closets, poking her nose everywhere. I never saw anything like the curiosity of a girl. Presently, looking out, she saw the girl sitting at the window opposite. She was darning stockings. Alice, keeping far enough back not to be seen, watched her for a few minutes, then said to me:

"Go to the window, pull up the shade or something to make a noise that will

ALICE THREW HER A KISS.

attract her attention, and when she looks at you throw her a kiss."

"Do you suppose I'm crazy to do such a thing?"

"I thought you promised to do as I said."

"I didn't promise to offer an insult."

"Stupid!"

"What do you mean?"

"Am I not a girl, and don't I know what would please a girl?"

"You wouldn't wish a man you had never seen to throw you a kiss, would you?".

"Never seen! Do you suppose she has never seen you?"

"I don't know that she has. Anyway, I have no reason to suppose she has noticed me."

"I have. I saw her casting glances over here."

"Oh, you see too much! I've been watching her too. She hasn't taken her eyes off the heel of that stocking since she has been at the window."

"There's nothing to be made of a fellow like you. Get me out some of your clothes. I'll put them on and do the trick myself. You and I are the image of each other, and she won't know the difference."

She put on just enough of my clothes to represent me and went to the window, giving a loud "Ahem!" The girl turned, and Alice threw her a kiss. The girl pulled down the sash with a bang and left the window apparently in high dudgeon.

"There," I said to Alice, "you've spoiled everything!"

"You mean I've started a flirtation!"

"What can I do to"—

"Nothing. I'll do it for you. You'd spoil it all."

"But you're not here except occasionally."

"I'm going to stay here. Get me a room for a few days."

I would much rather have got rid of her, for I was sure she had offended the girl opposite, and I didn't wish her to get me any deeper into the mire. But she insisted, and I secured a room for her. That afternoon the girl opposite sat down by her window with her back turned to the light. She held a book in her hand.

"You see," I said to Alice, "to escape being insulted she must needs turn her back."

"Nevertheless I shall insult her again."

"I forbid you."

"Nonsense! If she had considered herself insulted she wouldn't have come to the window at all. She's playing it on you."

Alice had brought in some roses from home for me. She took up one, went to the window, took deliberate aim at the girl opposite and fired the rose, striking her on the back of the head. The girl started, turned, scowled, glanced at Alice and, supposing her to be a man, showed every evidence of being offended. Then she got up from her chair, closed the blinds and shut us off.

"Very likely she won't come to the window again today," said Alice. "It's too near dinner time. She'll have to do her hair before dinner, and then it will be too late."

"You seem to know all about it. Why will she have to do her hair before dinner?"

"Because it isn't fit for the dinner table."

"I thought it delightfully negligee."

"Delightfully frowsy you mean."

I took Alice to the theater that night, and the next day she was ready to resume her efforts with the girl opposite. After breakfast Alice called me to come to the window.

"There, stupid!" she said, pointing to the window opposite. "What do you think of that?".

On a stand near the window was a tumbler and in the tumbler was a rose.

"That's the identical rose you threw at her."

"You don't mean it?" I cried. "What's the next move?"

"I would like to have you make it yourself, only you might act silly. You see, at this time of day the sun shines on this window, and I'm afraid she'll suspect I'm a girl."

"I'll do it. I'm all right now. I'm not afraid of anything."

"Bosh! You have no pluck at all."

However, it was arranged that I should make the next move, whatever that might be, though Alice was to decide upon it. We sat, I reading the paper, Alice keeping watch on the window opposite. Presently the girl appeared in a very becoming morning costume. She looked up at the sky.

"She's pretending she's interested in the weather," said Alice, "but that's pretty thin considering there's not a cloud in the sky. Stay where you are. She can't see either of us. She'll think you have gone out and will give herself away by and by."

After the girl had examined the heavens she swept her eyes in a lightning glance across my window. Then she disappeared.

"Too bad," said Alice, "that she has put on her finery to be disappointed."

"What finery?"

"What finery! Do you suppose girls dress that way in the morning when they are doing household duties? She expected after yesterday's performances to see her admirer at least for a moment before his going downtown."

Alice went shopping during the morning, and I went to my club. Not yet being settled in an occupation, I am obliged to get away with the day as best I can. I met Alice at a glove counter and took her to lunch. Then we went to my room ready to continue my wooing by proxy. Alice concluded to close the blinds in order that she might observe the enemy through the slats; but, fearing the girl opposite would see her watching, she called a maid for the purpose. Then Alice and I lounged, awaiting developments. About 3 o'clock the girl came to her window and, seeing my blinds closed, did not scruple to fix her eyes upon them. Alice, who was watching her, directed me to suddenly throw the blinds open. I did so. The girl beat a precipitate retreat.

After awhile Alice told me to go to the window and sit there reading a paper with my back to the light. I did so, while Alice herself went to another window and watched through the slats. Presently she caught sight of a dim figure in the back of the room opposite. She could see that the girl was watching me. Then the girl came forward, unconscious that she was under observation. Suddenly Alice burst into a laugh.

"What is it?" I asked.

"She's throwing a kiss at the back of your head."

This was too much for me to endure without seeing. I turned just in time to catch a glimpse of a figure getting back out of the light.

"Now I have started you," said Alice. "I leave you to do the rest yourself. I shall go home tomorrow."

"Do you think I can get on alone?" I asked.

"There's nothing more to do in this way. If you wish to follow the matter up you must find a way to make her acquaintance, and, having met her, you must be careful not to mention anything you have learned of her interest in you. Better not mention this part of it. Treat her as a perfect stranger."

"Would you mind, Alice," I asked, "telling me how you learned all this?"

"I haven't needed to learn it. I'm a girl."

"But how about your experience in similar circumstances?"

"Oh, bother! There haven't been any similar circumstances in my case."

"You got it all by instinct?"

"Yes."

"Well, all I have to say is your instinct is mighty strong."

I at least had the ability to find out who the girl opposite was and hunted among my friends till I found a mutual acquaintance who introduced me. I courted her, but blundered, and it was a long time before I won her.

# A HANDSOME TIP.

## Visit of an American Girl to an English Ancestral Home.

By DOROTHEA HALE.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

Miss Mildred Van Tromp, an American multimillionairess in London, cared nothing for marrying a title, but she did care for the castles of old England. Miss Van Tromp's cousin, Miss Adele Sherman, was with her.

One morning the two tourists took a train at a London railway station, intending to visit Hallowen castle, the residence of the Duke of Elliston. On the journey they chatted about the castle they were going to see, referring occasionally to their guidebook. A gentleman in the same compartment sitting opposite them, who had been buried in his paper, spoke up:

"If you ladies are going to visit Hallowen castle I fear you will be disappointed. It will not be open today to visitors."

The girls looked much crestfallen. The gentleman continued:

"The castle is only shown during the duke's absence. He returns today."

Miss Sherman, who usually acted as spokesman, thanked the gentleman for his information and asked if there was

"HOW MUCH WOULD HE TAKE FOR IT?"

any one in service at the castle who for a handsome tip would make an exception in their case. To this he replied:

"I am going to the castle myself and shall see the duke. I think it probable that I can secure his permission to show you through his ancestral abode. If you will be there"—he took out his watch—"at, say, 2 o'clock I will let you know what I can do for you. Ask for Mr. Comyns."

The ladies thanked the man for his courtesy, and when the train reached the station went to an inn, where they partook of a luncheon, then strolled up to the castle. They were stopped at the postern by a lackey, but on mentioning the name of Comyns they were conducted to a reception room in the living apartments of the castle. After a wait of ten minutes Mr. Comyns entered and said that he had obtained the necessary permission.

Mr. Comyns was between thirty and thirty-five years old. It was seldom that he smiled, but when he did his face changed from the serious to the genial. He was apparently a gentleman, but there are many grades of gentlemen in England, and the girls could not make out to which grade he belonged. They fancied that he might attend to some business for the duke or was his solicitor or was there to sell him something. One point troubled them from the first—they feared he might not be so respectable, though he had avoided the subject of tips, as to decline a crown or two if offered to him. They had often received favors or what they supposed were favors from men just as genteel looking whose palm they had crossed. Miss Van Tromp determined to watch his English. If he were not a gentleman he would surely make a blunder, perhaps in an unguarded moment drop an "h."

All this they talked and thought over while waiting. Mr. Comyns led them out into the courtyard and thence to one of the towers. He began in that clear, well modulated voice with which the two girls had heard the gentlemanly guides in Westminster abbey show that old pile for the modest sum of sixpence. This confirmed their opinion that he would expect a tip. He spoke fluently and as if he had often before reeled off the identical words.

"This tower," he said, was built in the reign of William II, and is, of course, Norman. The upper part was put on later and is Gothic. A breach was made here where you see a difference in the stonework by the Roundheads during the close of the war by which Charles I. lost his rascally head."

Surprised at this, Miss Van Tromp asked:

"Does the duke consider King Charles I. rascally?"

"It doesn't matter to me what the duke thinks. Everybody knows that Charles I. was treacherous, mean, untrue to his friends and altogether unworthy of sovereignty."

"Does your British nobility usually take that ground?" asked Miss Sherman.

"I don't know. The opinions of most of them are worth nothing anyway."

The girls were puzzled. How dare this man within the ancestral home of one of the British aristocrats speak so disrespectfully of them? Presently their guide led them into the gallery of family portraits.

"That old fellow up there was the Earl of Habersham and became the first Duke of Elliston. He got rich by robbery and was made a duke for stabbing in the back a man the king wished put out of the way."

The girls looked at each other, astonished at this frankness with regard to the present duke's ancestors.

"That red faced man," continued Mr. Comyns, "was the first duke's brother. He was a pirate."

"A pirate!" exclaimed both the girls at once.

"Certainly. That was once considered a very respectable calling. That one with scars on his face was a robber. He kept up this place by descending into the valley, looting travelers and returning with his booty."

"Were all the duke's ancestors bad?" asked Miss Van Tromp.

"Most of them. I know all about the family. Scarcely a good one in it."

"But the present duke is a fine man, I am told."

"I should like to know in what way. He sits in the house of lords—a useless institution—with his hat down over his eyes, most of the time asleep. When he is here he is bored to death. When I told him that two American girls wished to see his castle he proposed to show you about himself, just to have something to do. I told him it was my job and he shouldn't take it away from me."

There was more wonder in the faces of the young women, and the last words decided them that they must offer a tip.

"The castle is a dilapidated old place," continued the guide, "not worth preserving. I think the duke would like to sell it to some of your American millionaires."

"How could he bear to part with that which has descended to him through centuries?"

"He likes London pretty well. With the money he could get for this rattletrap place he could enjoy himself very well in London."

"How much would he take for it?"

"Oh a matter of thousand."

"Please tell him that I'll give him that for it."

It was now Mr. Comyns' turn to look surprised. He made no reply at first, then said:

"From whom shall I tell him the offer comes?"

Miss Van Tromp took out a card, wrote her London address on it and handed it to Mr. Comyns. They had by this time gone the rounds and were at the postern. And now the terrible question of the tip came up. Miss Van Tromp decided that she would give one so large that even should their guide be a gentleman he might not feel insulted. She put five sovereigns into his hand. He took them unwillingly and thrust them into his pocket.

Two days later an invitation came from the dowager Duchess of Hallowen to Miss Van Tromp and Miss Sherman to dine with her at her London residence. The invitation closed with these words, "You can then talk over the sale of Hallowen castle with my son, the duke."

Miss Van Tromp, whose income for one year was more than the price she had offered for the property, was not at all frightened. At first she thought she would adhere to her resolution not to mingle with the English nobility and decline the invitation, but Miss Sherman persuaded her to accept. They were to sail for America the next week, and Miss Van Tromp was no averse to dining with a duchess so long as it could be done without the preliminary presentation at court.

On the evening appointed they drove to the duke's home. They were received by the dowager duchess, a pleasant old lady, and after a time who should enter the room but Mr. Comyns in evening dress. He advanced, smiling, to welcome the guests.

"My son," said the duchess.

"A younger son?" asked Miss Van Tromp.

"No; I'm Ralph Comyns and Duke of Elliston," said the gentleman. "As I told you, I'm a bored man when at Hallowen, and I passed a delightful hour in showing you my pile. But I shall not hold you to the offer, and, here," taking five sovereigns from his vest pocket, "is the fee you gave me. I really don't think I should have accepted it."

There was a twinkle in his eye as he spoke.

"I am ready to give you a check for the castle," said Miss Van Tromp, a trifle ruffled at having been deceived.

"That's just like you Americans," replied the duke, smiling. "There's nothing so old, so new, so valuable or so worthless but that you are ready to buy it."

"I might hold you by law to the bargain. I can prove by my cousin, Miss Sherman, who was present, that you offered the property for a specified sum and I accepted the offer."

"I should rather be bound by it than go to law with such a charming opponent," replied the duke gallantly.

There was nothing more said about the sale, and after Miss Van Tromp had recovered from her chagrin at having tipped a duke the dinner proved a very enjoyable one. Miss Van Tromp and her cousin did not sail on the steamer on which they had engaged passage. Indeed, they remained in London for some time. Miss Van Tromp fell into the same matrimonial conditions as most American heiresses abroad. She married the Duke of Hallowen.

# THE JADE STONE STREET.

## Experience of an American Who Went Through It.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

Granville lazily rolled another cigarette. "Why is it called the Jade Stone street?" he questioned.

Neal Scott did not remove his gaze from the busy Shanghai thoroughfare outside the club room windows.

"I don't know," he said.

A boy approached with a tray of tinkling glasses, and Scott bent his head over the tray as if to hide the concern in his eyes.

Granville waited until the boy had departed and then tossed his cigarette away and stiffened in his chair. "I'm going into the old city tomorrow, and I intend to find out why it is called the Jade Stone street."

"A foolish quest," returned Scott lightly. "Once before a man went into the city to find that out, and he never came back."

"I shall find out nevertheless," said Granville stubbornly, "or I'll never come back either."

"I'll go with you, then." Scott's voice was matter of fact now.

"Not if there is a risk. This is my own funeral," objected the other.

"As your most intimate friend it is my duty to attend upon your obsequies, then," retorted Scott, rising and stretching his lean form lazily.

The conversation turned to other matters, but later before parting for the night they agreed to meet early the next morning and go into the native city upon Granville's "asinine quest," as Scott chose to call it, which they did.

Almost before they knew it they were approaching one of the dark, cavernous gates of the old city.

"Got a gun?" asked Scott suddenly.

Granville smiled sheepishly. "Yep.

HE DARED NOT TURN HIS HEAD.

Thought I might need it after what you said."

The other nodded approval and touched his own hip significantly.

"There are many more fascinating streets than the one you are seeking," said Scott after long silence. There was a trace of uneasiness in his voice that Granville noted with a lurking smile. "There is 'the Street of the Brilliant Eye' or 'the Thousand Bells'—a dozen others far more suggestive than this one."

"The Jade Stone street for mine!" said Granville emphatically.

Scott and Granville approached it from the lower end, and once in the shadow of the swinging signs, with nothing save thick mud beneath their feet, Granville's interest waned. His quest seemed an idiotic one, and he marveled at Scott's patience in accompanying him. Nevertheless he tried not to show his indifference and looked about for some means of obtaining his information.

A carver in ivory and jade peered out from his niche in the wall, and Granville stopped abruptly. "Will you act as my interpreter, Neal? I'll question this old duffer. He's the oldest Chinaman I ever saw."

The jade cutter's wheel had ceased its whirring revolutions, and the old man watched the Americans from his twilight niche as some brazen god in its shrine might have done. There was the same impassivity of countenance. Even the eyes, like bits of polished jet, were motionless.

Then stillness fell upon the street. Save for the shuffling of padded shoes there was silence profound. Granville cleared his throat noisily and then started at the sound of his own voice. He turned to his companion.

"You've made me as nervous as a witch, Neal," he complained. "Just ask the old beggar why this is called the Jade Stone street and get it over with."

Scott put the question in the vernacular, and the yellow lips moved in answer.

"Says he doesn't know; always been called that." There was a malicious gleam in Scott's blue eyes.

Granville stared resentfully at the gleaming black eyes, so fathomless to his probing question, and turned away. With his movement the street seemed to sink into a twilight obscurity, from which shadowy forms melted as if by magic and left the narrow pavements untenanted. The sun had drawn behind a heavy black cloud, and a low mutter of thunder vibrated the buildings.

"Where have they gone?" he questioned, wondering.

Scott shrugged his broad shoulders. "I'm afraid we'll find out in a minute," he growled. "I was a fool to humor you, Granville. We're in a devil's mess."

"I don't understand now what it's all about, Neal. What harm have we done merely asking a few questions?" Granville's voice took on an injured tone.

"I told you it was foolhardy to meddle in things that do not concern us. We'll have to run the gantlet of something, as we must do now!" Scott spoke in a low tone, but his voice was acute with restrained feeling.

"Run the gantlet!" echoed Granville faintly.

The other pointed up the gray tunnel of the street, where a patch of lighter gray shone like a window in a high wall.

"See that?" he asked.

"Yes."

"That's the end of the street, the top of the wall. The gray spot is our goal now. Give me your gun, Dick. I'll understand when to give it back to you, never fear! There! Follow me. Run for your life toward that gray square of light at the top of the wall. Remember, there are a thousand yellow faces behind doors and windows and lurking in alleyways. Our safety depends upon our speed! Ready—go!"

Like arrows from the bow the two men shot forward, Scott leading by a bare twelve inches. Granville's face was quite pale, and he tried not to see the peering faces even as Scott had described them. He heard long hissing breaths, and strange shrill cries broke behind him as he ran. They passed through an empty street, yet as they passed it was peopled behind them with padding trit-trot of feet and low cries and shrill cackles.

Scott's long, white clad form covered the distance with amazing agility. To Granville's tired eyes he seemed merely a white streak which he must follow or be struck in the back.

Time and again he felt that some assassin hand hovered over him, yet he dared not turn his head lest the hand make the downward stroke.

He panted up the incline in Scott's wake, with starting eyes glaring at the gray patch of light growing larger every moment. Behind him sharp cries mingled with the pushing crowd. Afterward he never heard that shrill cry of the Chinese, "Hai yah!" without the same feeling of blind terror that pursued him up the incline of the Jade Stone street to the very parapet of the wall, where he fell breathless beside his friend.

It was several moments before he realized that they were safe at the end of the street. Several white clad forms trooped along the wall from the river gate and, sitting on the parapet, stared inquisitively at Granville.

"Feel better, old chap?" they asked in chorus.

"Haven't got all my wind back," admitted Granville dazedly. He wondered vaguely why these chaps from the club should have appeared at the very moment when, the danger over, he and Scott had reached a zone of safety at the top of the hill. Their smiling faces under white sun hats and the general air of hilarity that prevailed during the lighting of cigarettes seemed strangely out of place after his race with death. He shuddered slightly and turned to Scott.

That gentleman had joined the others on the wall and seemed more intent on the flight of a carrion crow drifting black against the gray clouds than on the recent exciting events.

"Why is it called the Jade Stone street, Granville?" snickered Beals from the end of the row.

Granville stared, at first uncomprehending and at last with growing light. He got upon his feet and scraped the mud from his white shoes.

"Was it a plant?" he demanded.

Their roars of laughter answered his question.

He turned and looked down the street and into the jostling, shifting crowd. A shrill "hai yah" pierced the air, and he felt the hair crinkle along his forehead and turned back swiftly to hide his agitation.

"Initiation, I suppose," he grunted, half angry, wholly relieved for the moment.

Scott's mirthful face sobered, and he reached out a hand and pulled Granville down beside him. "We're all been through the mill, Dick," he explained. "It's the only way to teach a newcomer to keep away from the native city if he has any idea of prying around. We run the new chaps through this street. So many of us have run the gantlet that the natives catch on in a minute when they see a couple of us drawing near and one a stranger. They lend themselves unconsciously to the little farce and disappear. But it might become a tragedy at any moment if had not from any other street should be on hand, say a few river pirates spending their money in the city! As it is, the Jade Stone street is the most peaceful thoroughfare in Shanghai. The denizens are harmless, industrious workmen even as the old carver of jade whom you questioned. But you know how it feels to realize that a real Chinese mob is at your heels, and it teaches you how to keep out of danger. Would you want to try it again, old man?"

After a long silence Granville spoke one word. "Thanks," he said gruffly. And they all understood.

### National Educational Association.

The National Educational Association will hold its annual meeting in Boston, July 2-8, 1910. Everything points to a large attendance and a splendid convention. The Fourth of July will be celebrated in the Stadium of Harvard University. David Starr Jordan and President Taft will address the association that day. The Stadium seats 35,000 people. No other city in the United States has more interesting places in its neighborhood: Concord, Plymouth, Lexington, Harvard; with the homes of Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell and many others. Boston itself is a great literary and historic center. Railroad rates will be one and one-half fares for the round trip. Excellent accomodations at satisfactory prices at hotels, boarding houses and private families. Tickets on sale June 30 to July 3rd. An official program will be sent on request. Address Reed B. Teitrick, Harrisburg, State Director for Pennsylvania,—or Prof. George H. Stout, Philadelphia; Dr. Samuel Andrews, Pittsburg; Superintendent Charles Lose, Williamsport; Superintendent Charles Foos, Reading; Porf. J. P. Beidinger, Wilkes-Barre; Superintendent F. E. Downes, Harrisburg; Superintendent Addison L. Jones, West Chester; Superintendent John Morrow, Allegheny; Superintendent James L. Addison, Wilkinsburg; Dr. J. George Becht, Clarion, members of the committee of co-operation for Pennsylvania.

The opportunities are such that none can afford to miss taking advantage of them.

### Out of Town.

Pittsbug, Pa., June 11.—Out of town fans are invited to attend the Third Annual Free Athletic Meet to be given at Forbes Field, Pittsburg, under the auspices of the Pittsburg Press next Saturday, June 18. The meet will be one of the greatest carnivals ever held in the history of athletics with all the best men in the country entered. The railroad companies will make special arrangements for taking care of the excess travel to Pittsburg on that day.

The meet is entirely free to the public, not a cent admission being charged and the gates of magnificent Forbes Field, the home of the Pittsburg baseball club, being thrown wide open to the public. Neither are there any reservations made for the day, all seats being free. Young and old, rich and poor are invited to attend the games and witness the hair raising battles for supremacy on track and field.

Never has a meet been arranged in this country which presents as many feature events and the carnival is popularly considered as a fitting substitute for the gr at Olympic games which are not being held this year.

Over forty Olympic and Eastern champions whose names are famous all over the world on account of their achievements in the cinder path game; and several hundred local and inter-city rivals will clash on that day. The trophies and medals offered to the winners by The Press were secured at an expenditure of something over a thousand dollars.

One of the stellar features of the meet will be a world's championship relay race of two miles between the New York A. C. and Irish-American A. C. of New York. The Irish-American team will be composed of Melvin W. Sheppard, the peerless distance runner; W. C. Pobbins, Abel Kiviatt and Riley. New York A. C. will be represented by a team composed of "Billy" Paull, the famous University of Pennsylvania runner, who holds the mile intercollegiatae record at 4:17 4-5; Harry Gissing, Sheppard's great rival in the middle distances; Erick and Bacon. The race will be without doubt one of the greatest ever held in the history of the running game as every entrant is an athlete of national fame.

Some of the other Olympic stars who will compete in the meet are Martin Sheridan, the world's greatest all-around athlete; John J. Flannigan, world's champion hammer thrower; Matt McGrath, Flannigan's greatest rival for weight handling honors; Frank Irons, who won the Olympic broad jump with a leap of 24 f t 6½ inches at the London games; Bobby Cloughan, world's record sprinter for 130 yards; Kerr, Canada's champion sprinter, who won the 200 meter race at the London Olympiad; Harry F. Porter, Egon Erickson and Burdick, all able to clear 6 f et 3 inches in the high jump; Halpeny, winner of Canadian championship pole vault and able to clear better than 12 feet; Joe Horner, wonderful University of Michigan athlete; Craig, winner of the intercollegiate 220 yard dash from the great "Tex" Ramsdell at Philadelphia a few weeks ago, and a dozen other stars.

Chicago A. C., Cleveland A. C., Pittsburg A. A. and Fort Pitt A. C., will have a four cornered fight for club honors and are signing up all the college stars in the coutnry to compete under their colors.

The opening event of the day's program will be a thrilling 12 mile Marathon race between Emsworth, Pa., and Pittsburg, the last mile being run around Forbes Field track.

### MAKES REPORT.

Mr. McClaran makes Statement of His Missionary Work in this County.

Hugh O. McClaran, who has been employed for the past eight years by the American Sunday School union in McKean county has issued the following report for publication:

"During the year ending March 1, 1910, we organized and reorganized 25 schools with an enrollment of 1,102 scholars and teachers. Hundreds of Bibles and testaments were distributed by sales and gifts and thousands of pages of good reading matter placed in needy homes. Visited 48 schools with an enrollment of 5,289 scholars and teachers, made 2,290 visits to homes, traveled 5,006 miles and gave 100 addresses. Almost 275,000 foreigners come to the Keystone state annually and upward of one million children in Pennsylvania are out of Sunday School. Mr. McClaran received during the year donations to the amount of $734 for the old society which now has a record of 86 years. The American Sunday School union is interdenominational and employed during the past year 241 missionaries, who report 1,772 new schools organized, 714 reorganized with a total enrollment of 84,710 scholars. There were 20,000 Bibles and Testaments distributed, and 11,682 hopeful conversions. These are but a few of the results that have come from the expenditure of $211,432, all of which has been given by the friends who have seen the need and in this way have spread the gospel."

### New Spring Millinery.

Never was my line of new spring trimmed and pattern hats more complete nor the styles more beautiful. A visit to my store will put you in touch with the latest styles for spring and summer.

CARRIE CLARK.

## Facts From France.

A conscript named Georges Genu has just been declared unfit for military service in France for the reason that he is too fat. He is six feet high and weighs 270 pounds.

A nursemaid who was arrested in Paris recently, instead of escorting her mistress' two children to their music lesson three times a week, used to take them on shoplifting expeditions.

The Parisians utilize everything. Even the dust derived by vacuum cleaners in sweeping stores, offices and dwellings is considered a high class fertilizer and sells for $8 per metric ton.

## Train and Track.

As a rule, a mile of railroad means about 270 tons of metal.

Last year there were 20,000 ex-soldiers employed in the service of the railway companies of Great Britain.

The Union Pacific Railroad company is conducting extensive experiments with the hope of making wireless telegraphy available for the operation of trains.

In an address recently made by Professor John W. Whitehead of Johns Hopkins university it was pointed out that out of 220,000 miles of railroad in this country only a thousand miles have as yet been electrified.

## English Etchings.

More than four-fifths of the people in London never set foot inside a place of worship.

In the seventeenth century it was a punishable offense in England to kiss either wife or children on Sunday.

A tramp was stated at the meeting of the Plympton guardians to have declared that he belonged to the order of "N. W. B. M." Investigation showed the name of the order to be the "Never Work Between Meals."

## The Cookbook.

A sliced banana added to a grape fruit salad is considered an improvement by some housewives.

Cream to be whipped must be one day old. No sugar should be added either before or after it is beaten. The sweetening should be in the pudding or cake with which it is served.

When baking apple pie put a tea spoonful or two of strong cold tea in the filling; also try the same in your apple sauce or baked apples and notice the improved flavor of the apples.

### To Be Sure.

The sailor said: "The sails are nix—
The sheets are what you see—
But, ah, the rudder! That is quite
A stern necessity!"
—Cleveland Leader.

### Wanted an Identification.

"Is the lady of the house in?" asked the sewing machine agent.

"D'ye mane me or the woman what owns it?" demanded Bridget.—Harper's Weekly.

### Brilliant Idea.

They caught a fellow stealing ties,
His capture was to him a shock.
He said in accents of surprise,
"But I was only taking stock!"
—Lippincott's.

### Time to Fire Him.

Nick—What good is an asbestus curtain anyway?

Nax—Keeps the show from being roasted.—Yale Record.

### Solved.

Why do musicians have such shocks
Of hair to tempt the breeze?
That we may know them by their locks
As well as by their keys.
—New York Times.

### Where Angels Couldn't Be Hired.

Storks rush in where dollars fear to tread.—Life.

### His Athletic Neighbor.

A young man inmate of a boarding house had been disturbed night after night by the boarder in the next room doing things with a punching bag he'd rigged up in the room some way. At breakfast each morning the young man would look over the crowd and wonder who the bag puncher might be, but there was no one in sight but a bunch of women and eight or ten men with narrow chests and retreating chins. One night he made up his mind to knock on the bag punching roomer's door and ask him to put over his exercise until daylight when all the world's awake. The man might be small enough to bulldoze even with all his athletics. The door opened and there, clad in a tight fitting red jersey, was a robust, buxom woman of perhaps thirty summers.

"And what did you say to her?" the young man was asked.

"I was so startled," replied he, "that I asked what afterward seemed to me the most natural request I could have made. I asked her if she'd lend me a couple of matches."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### The Persistency of Colds.

Why is it that we are so heavily subject to colds? Other epidemic diseases—measles, typhoid, scarlet fever, diphtheria—may get hold on us once and there is an end; it is not usual to have any of them twice. We brew in our blood immunity. The poison of the disease evokes in us its proper antidote. Our blood cells make a sort of natural antitoxin and keep it in stock, so that we are henceforth protected against the disease. A well vaccinated nurse, for example, works with safety in a smallpox hospital, where the very air is infective, but her blood is so changed by vaccination that the smallpox cannot affect her. By scarlet fever, again, we are, as it were, vaccinated against scarlet fever. The reaction of our blood against the disease immunizes us. No such result follows influenza or a common cold. We brew nothing that is permanent. We are just as susceptible to a later invasion as we were to the invasion that is just over.—London Spectator.

### The Festive Codfish.

A correspondent of the New York Post says that the codfish frequents "the tablelands of the sea." The codfish no doubt does this to secure as nearly as possible a dry, bracing atmosphere. This pure air of the submarine tablelands gives to the codfish that breadth of chest and depth of lungs that we have so often noticed. The glad, free smile of the codfish is largely attributed to the exhilaration of this oceanic altitudeum. The correspondent further says that the "cod fish subsists largely on the sea cherry." Those who have not had the pleasure of seeing the codfish climb the cherry tree in search of food or clubbing the fruit from the heavily laden branches with chunks of coral have missed a very fine sight. The codfish when at home rambling through the submarine forests does not wear his vest unbuttoned as he does while toating around the grocery stores of the United States—Bill Nye.

### A High Priced Fricassee.

Lord Alvanley, a noted wit and high liver in England a hundred years or so ago, insisted on having an apple tart on his dinner table every day throughout the year. On one occasion he paid a caterer $1,000 for a luncheon put up in a basket that sufficed a small boating party going up the Thames. Being one of a dozen men dining together at a London club where each was required to produce his own dish, Alvanley's, as the most expensive, won him the advantage of being entertained free of cost. This benefit was gained at an expense of $540, that being the price of a simple fricassee composed entirely of the "nofx," or small pieces at each side of the back, taken from thirteen kinds of birds, among them being 100 snipe, 40 woodcocks and 20 pheasants—in all about 300 birds.

### Our Eccentric Phrases.

Why do we always talk of putting on a coat and vest? Who puts on a coat before a vest? We also say putting on shoes and stockings. Who puts on shoes before the stockings? We also put up signs telling people to wipe their feet when we mean their boots or shoes. And a father tells a boy he will warm his jacket when he means to warm his pantaloons. We are a little eccentric in our phrases at times.

### An Odd Epitaph.

The following epitaph is to be found in a cemetery within seven miles of New York's city hall:

Reader, pass on; don't waste your time
O'er bad biography and bitter rhyme,
For what I am this crumbling clay insures,
And what I was is no affair of yours.

### In the Game.

"I am in the hands of my friends," said the political sidestepper.

"Yes," replied the harsh critic, "and every time your friends look over their hands they seem impatient for a new deal."—Washington Star.

### The Proper Tree.

Curious Charley—Do nuts grow on trees, father? Father—They do, my son. Curious Charley—Then what tree does the doughnut grow on? Father—The "pantree," my son.—Purple Cow.

### Never Good.

Fogg—That's a bad cold you have, old man. Fenderson—Did you ever hear of a good cold, you idiot?—Boston Transcript.

A fool's heart is in his tongue, but a wise man's tongue is in his heart.—Quarles.

### A Judicial Favor.

A verdant local reporter whose propensities incline to daring rather than to judgment and whose ardency in the quest of news is one of his marked characteristics approached a judge of the United States district court and solicited a little advance information on a case in progress in the judge's court.

"You see, judge," said the youngster to the astonished jurist, "we go to press in a few moments, and we all know your inclination to do a newspaper man a favor."

The venerable man eyed the youth sternly and said slowly and emphatically:

"Yes, young man, I'll do you a favor this time, and you will see that you don't ask me again."

"That's fine, your honor. Thanks very much. Just a few lines will do."

"I will do you this favor. I shall not send you to jail this time, but if you ever approach me again with such a question your friends will not see you for some time."

The discomfited reporter retired ruminating on the mysteries of the law and the dignities pertaining to the judiciary.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### The Exclusiveness of Caste.

An English officer who some years ago was wounded in a battle in India and left lying all night among the native dead and wounded tells this story: "Next morning we spied a man and an old woman who came to us with a basket and a pot of water, and to every wounded man she gave a piece of jowree bread from the basket and a drink from her water pot. To us she gave the same, and I thanked heaven and her. But the Soobahdar was a high caste Rajput, and as this woman was a Chumar, or of the lowest caste, he would receive neither water nor bread from her. I tried to persuade him to take it that he might live, but he said that in our state, with but a few hours more to linger, what was a little more or less suffering to us—why should he give up his fate for such an object? No; he preferred to die unpolluted."

### The Origin of Oxygen.

That eminent scientist Lord Kelvin maintained that all the oxygen in the atmosphere probably originated from the action of sunlight upon plants. When our earth was a globe of hot liquid it contained no vegetable fuel and probably no free oxygen. But as it cooled off plants appeared on its surface, and these began to evolve oxygen through the medium of the sunbeams. Upon the oxygen thus derived we depend for the maintenance of life by breathing. When we burn coal or other vegetable fuel we use up oxygen, and it is to plants again that we owe the restoration of the oxygen thus lost to the air. If they failed to keep up a sufficient supply the atmosphere would gradually part with its oxygen, and the inhabitants of the earth would disappear in consequence of asphyxiation.

### In Westminster Abbey.

Fox's tomb is perhaps the most ridiculous in the abbey, but others run it hard—the naked figure of General Wolfe supported by one of his staff in full regimentals and receiving a crown from Victory; William Wilberforce apparently listening to Sheridan telling a comic tale and contorting his features in the endeavor not to laugh; the Sir Cloudesley Shovel, in periwig and Roman toga, which excited the mirth even of contemporaries, and all the monuments erected by the East India company, with palm trees and other tropical exuberances, to the memory of great soldiers, like Sir Eyre Coote. From the point of view of good taste a dictator would be justified in dismissing these and many more to the stonemason's yard.—Cornhill Magazine.

### How Pausanius Died.

Pausanius, the Greek general, died by self administered poison. When hotly pursued by those sent to apprehend him on a charge of treason and sacrilege he took refuge in the sanctuary of a temple. Unable to remove him by force and also unwilling to violate the sanctuary, the officers walled up the entrance and began to unroof the building. When he could be seen they noticed that he was chewing something which proved to be a quill filled with poison. By the time the work had sufficiently advanced to admit of their entrance he was in a dying condition.

### Secret For Secret.

In the days of Louis XIV even warriors handled epigrams with one another.

The Marechal de Grammont had taken a fortress by siege.

"I will tell you a secret," said his military governor after surrendering. "The reason of my capitulation was that I had no more powder."

"And, secret for secret," rejoined the marechal suavely, "the reason of my accepting it on such easy terms was that I had no more balls."

### Not So Absurd.

"How absurd!"

"What's absurd?"

"Five years are supposed to have elapsed since the last act, and that man is wearing the same overcoat."

"Nothin' absurd about that. He's takin' the part of a married man, isn't he?"

### Spiteful.

Patience—Did you enjoy my last song? Patrice—I might have if I had known it was your last.—Yonkers Statesman.

Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.—Franklin.


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Ladies wishing to avoid the Hot stove and over heated house, and at same time reduce the Gas Bill to call at Means Hardware and see the Jewel Flat Iron.

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Just received a carload of Fertilizer. Enquire of

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Tomato plants for sale. J. L. OVIATT, Farmers Valley.

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G. W. KING,
East Smethport.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, a member of the Bar of McKean County, and now studying and practicing Law in the office of the Hon. R. B. Stone, Esq., will make application to the State Board of Law Examiners, at its next meeting, for admission to practice as an attorney in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

JOSEPH H. GOLDSTEIN.

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**Oh my head!**

Over work, worry, strained nerves, exhaustion, throbbing temples. All headache and neuralgia pains "Cured in a flash" by

**ANTI-ACHE**

Does not affect the heart
10c and 25c at all druggists
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What will interest you particularly is our selection of Spring Suits and Top Coats—they are in the latest fashion—smart to a degree—and priced at about half the figures at which equally good made-to-measure is sold.

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Rich shadings of pure silk and patterns galore, 25c to $1.00.

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